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Indian Literature Vol 2 No 1, Oct. '58—Mar '59
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Kalidasa

It is good to know that, as this journal goes to press, Kalidasa Jayanti is being celebrated on a grand scale in Ujjain, the place most closely associated with the poet We cannot do better on this occasion than to reproduce below a tribute to the great poet of our classical age by a great poet of modern India The English translation, by the author himself, is of two sonnets, *Ritusanghar* and *Meghdut*, originally published in *Chaitali*, 1896 —*Ed*

At youth's coronation, Kalidasa,
you took your seat, your beloved by your side,
in Love's primal paradise
Earth spread its emerald-green carpet beneath your feet,
the sky held over your heads
its canopy gold-embroidered,
the seasons danced round you
carrying their wine cups of varied allurements,
the whole universe yielded itself to your loneliness of delight,
leaving no trace of human sorrows and sufferings
in the immense solitude of your bridal chamber

Suddenly God's curse descended from on high
hurling its thunderbolt of separation
upon the boundless detachment of youth's egotism
The season's ministry in a moment was ended
when the veil was wrenched from love's isolation,
and on the tear-misted sky appeared the pageantry
of the rainy world of June
across which journeyed the sad notes of your bereaved heart
towards a distant dream

Rabindranath Tagore

The City Beautiful

Master Zinda Kaul

Where all have a living faith in God—
One, Loving Father, Lord of all—
Where love, service and charity
  is the simple and supreme rule of life,
Where lands are vast and all have room to live,
Where food and fruit and milk abundant
  and all the good things of life are shared by all,
Where all have work to do and none are idle,
  and those who work have time for play and study, song and fun,
Where dwellings are clean and gardens lovely,
  and all are healthy and handsome,
Where disease and ugliness and evil ways of life
  do not stunt and warp the growth of men,
Where none suffer from want and fear—
To that City Beautiful,
Ferryman, lead me and my countrymen!

Master Zinda Kaul, aged 73, is the grand old man of contemporary Kashmiri letters He was awarded the Sahitya Akademi prize in 1956 for his book of poems, *Sumran*, from which the poem published above is taken It is interesting to trace in it the influence of Tagore's famous poem in *Gitanjali*, 'Where the mind is without fear ' The English translation is by J L Kaul —*Ed*

Genesis of English *Gitanjali*

What follows is an excerpt from Rabindranath Tagore's original Bengali letter, dated London, May 6, 1913, addressed to his niece Indiradevi Chaudhurani who has herself rendered it into English —*Ed.*

You have alluded to the English translation of *Gitanjali* I have not been able to imagine to this day how people came to like it so much That I cannot write English is such a patent fact that I never had even the vanity to feel ashamed of it If anybody wrote an English note asking me to tea, I never felt equal to answering it Perhaps you think that by now I have got over that delusion By no means That I have written in English seems to be the delusion On the day I was to board the ship, I fainted due to my frantic efforts at leave-taking and the journey itself was postponed Then I went to Shelidah to take rest But unless the brain is fully active, one does not feel strong enough to relax completely, so the only way to keep myself calm was to take up some light work

It was then the month of Chaitra (March-April), the air was thick with the fragrance of mango-blossoms and all hours of the day were delirious with the song of birds When a child is full of vigour, he does not think of his mother It is only when he feels tired that he wants to settle himself easily in her lap That was exactly my position With all my heart and with all my holiday I seemed to have ensconced myself comfortably in the arms of Chaitra, without missing even a particle of its light, its air, its scent and its song In such a state one cannot remain idle When the air strikes one's bones they tend to respond in music, this is an old habit of mine, as you know Yet I had not the energy to gird up my loins and sit down to write So I took up the poems of *Gitanjali* and set myself to translate them one by one You may wonder why such a crazy ambition should possess one in such a weak state of health But believe me, I did not undertake this task in a spirit of reckless bravado I simply felt an urge to recapture through the medium of another language the feelings and sentiments which had created such a feast of joy within me in the days gone by The pages of a small exercise-book came to be filled gradually, and with it in my pocket I

boarded the ship The idea of keeping it in my pocket was that when my mind became restless on the high seas, I would recline on a deck-chair and set myself to translate one or two poems from time to time And that is what actually happened From one exercise-book I passed on to another Rothenstein already had an inkling of my reputation as a poet from another Indian friend Therefore, when in the course of conversation he expressed a desire to see some of my poems, I handed him my manuscript with some diffidence I could hardly believe the opinion he expressed after going through it He then made over the manuscript to Yeats The story of what followed is known to you From this explanation of mine you will see that I was not responsible for the offence, which was due mainly to the force of circumstances

*I am able to love my God
because he gives me freedom
to deny him,*

Rabindranath Tagore

Tagore's Poetry*

Humayun Kabir

Rabindranath Tagore is one of the outstanding literary figures of all times In sheer quantity of work few writers can equal him His writings include more than one thousand poems and over two thousand songs in addition to a large number of short stories, novels, dramatic works and essays on religion, education, politics and literature In a word, his interest embraces every subject which is of interest to man In quality, he has reached heights which have been trodden, and that too only rarely, by only the noblest among men When one remembers the enormous range and extraordinary quality of his work, it is not surprising that his admirers should acclaim him as perhaps the greatest literary figure in history

One can never account for the emergence of an individual genius, for genius is always something in the nature of an exception It is at the same time the function of genius to find expression for the emotions and ideas which stir in the unconscious and sub-conscious mind of the race A bond is thus established between the genius and his people, and helps to explain the admiration and wonder with which the genius is greeted when he appears People find in his words and actions an embodiment of the feelings and aspirations which they have dimly felt but could not express The genius also benefits by such relation He derives his strength and energy from the inchoate feelings and vague aspirations stirring in the racial mind Tagore is typical of genius in both respects His uniqueness is beyond question and at the same time he is deeply rooted in the life of the people whom he lived for and loved

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* This introduction was originally written for a new Anthology, *Ekottarasati* (101 Poems of Tagore), which is published by the Sahitya Akademi, the original Bengali text in devanagari script, with the Hindi translation of the present article as Introduction The full English text is being published here for the first time —*Ed*

Tagore was fortunate in both the time and the place of his birth The advent of the West had disturbed the placid waters of Indian life and a new awakening was sweeping throughout the land Its initial impact had dazzled the Indian mind and made many of the early reformers blind imitators of the West The first uncritical admiration was wearing off when Tagore was born, but the ideals brought by the West were still active and strong At the same time, there was growing recognition of the values of India's own heritage The time was therefore opportune for the emergence of a genius who could unite in himself eastern and western alues

It was not only the time but also the place which was opportune Bengal had felt the impact of the West more vividly than perhaps any other part of India In Bengal the new stirrings of life were most marked in Calcutta The circumstances of his family also helped in the flowering of Tagore's genius A pioneer of the Indian awakening, his family accepted the new challenges without giving up the rich heritage of the past As a Brahmin, Tagore easily and naturally imbibed the traditions of ancient India and was deeply influenced not only by the literature but by the religious and cultural ideals imbedded in Sanskrit As a member of the landed class, he was familiar with the ways of life of mediaeval India and could accept without question the composite culture of the Moghal courts In both these respects, he was perhaps not different from other Brahmin zamindars of the day, but unlike many of them he was also sensitive to the new currents of the modern world Steeped in the traditions of ancient and mediaeval India, his family was at the same time one of the pioneers of western education and the western way of life This family background explains both the richness of Tagore's Indian heritage and the absence of any conflict or hidden stress in his mind His was an integrated personality free from the divisions which sapped the energy of so many of his contemporaries

Tagore was indeed fortunate that he could accept the challenge of the new without discarding the values of ancient and mediaeval India Those who had been weaned away from their own culture and depended too much on the inspiration of the West lost their roots in national life Loss of contact with the people diminished the sources of their inspiration and reduced their spiritual capital This explains why many of them, in spite of undoubted talent and gifts, could not make a deep or abiding impact on Indian life and letters. They lacked the energy which genius derives from its identification with the inmost urges of the race

There is one other factor which helped Tagore in establishing his identity with the people Quite early in life, he lived for months in a boat among the sandbanks of the Padma and thus came into intimate contact with the rural culture of the country The quality of life he experienced in these regions was rooted in the primeval and ancient history of the land Its culture goes back even deeper into the life of the people than the urban culture developed in the middle ages Tagore thus secured an entry into a world unknown to the townsman and struck roots in some of the deepest levels of the racial consciousness His contact with the abundant life of the common man is the source of his exuberant creative powers and explains why his inspiration never failed

In considering Tagore's life and work, one is again and again struck by the amazing vitality of his genius He was essentially a poet, but his interests were not confined to poetry We have already mentioned the diversity of his literary work, but literature in its widest sense could not exhaust his energies He was also a musician and a painter of the highest order In addition, he made notable contributions to religious and educational thought, to politics and social reform, to moral regeneration and economic reconstruction In fact, his achievements in these fields are so great that they mark him out as one of the makers of modern India.

Tagore's greatest strength lies in his sense of the unity of life No bifurcation of ideals or culture divided his energies It is therefore not surprising that he should recognise no separation between art and life The close of the nineteenth century saw in Europe the triumph of a new aesthetic cult There were many who held that art must be pursued for its own sake, regardless of its relation to life The ivory tower became the symbol and type of artistic endeavour The poet and the artist, said the votaries of this cult, were first and foremost dreamers Tagore never accepted a conception of art divorced from life He pursued beauty, but as a manifestation of life. Simultaneously, he held that life has no grace unless it is instinct with beauty The religion of the poet was for Tagore also the religion of man

II

Tagore is one of the supreme lyric poets of the world Sincerity of feeling and vividness of imagery combine with the music of his verse to give us poems that haunt the reader long after the actual words are forgotten This fusion of feeling, imagery and music showed very early in his life *Nirjharer Swapnabhanga* (The Awakening of the Fountain) was composed before he was twenty but still remains one of the supreme lyrics in Bengali, or indeed any language The poem is remarkable not only for its music and intensity, but also for the boldness of its images What is perhaps even more significant is the fusion of nature and man in an indissoluble unity This identity of nature and man remained one of the most characteristic traits of Tagore's poetry throughout his life

Perhaps there has never been another poet who loved the earth so passionately There is hardly a single mood of day or night or of the circling seasons which Tagore has not sung in his poetry The sights and sounds of Bengal and especially her rural landscape are caught again and again in magic verse Since the days of Kalidasa, Indian poets have revelled in the

glories of the rainy season Tagore has also caught the varying moods of the monsoons in a hundred songs and poems In fact, his poems and songs of the rains have become a part of our national heritage The expectancy of the parched soil just before the advent of the rains, the heavy smells which rise from the damp earth after the first shower, the thrill of life in the green shoots of the newly growing grass, the dark clouds which dim the clear morning light and charge with magic the evening shadows, the unceasing patter of rain in the silence of the night, —these and a hundred other pictures are brought vividly to our mind in Tagore's magic verse He has also woven into them the joys and sorrows of the human heart till nature and man reflect one another's moods and lose their separate identity

Nor has Tagore neglected the other seasons Autumn and spring are reflected in their many moods The wild energy of early spring, the sense of liberation from the bonds of winter and the quick vivid burst of colour and sound are reflected in many a poem and song They reflect not only the joyousness and strength of spring but also its sense of transience and impermanent glory Autumn with its sense of fullness and maturity and its clear rain-washed skies has played a special role in many of Tagore's poems One of his most successful musical plays is built round the theme of autumn with its sense of liberation from the pressure of immediate work Even winter and summer have not been forgotten In one of his most famous poems, Tagore has conceived of summer as an austere ascetic who with bated breath waits for the advent of new life

It is not only the beauty of nature that bound Tagore so intimately to the earth He also loved the earth as the abode of man, and has poured out his love of man in numberless poems and songs There is hardly any feeling of the human heart to which he has not responded The intimate play of love in all its nuances of joy and sorrow is crystallised in unforgettable words Sorrow and anguish and the exquisite agony of hopeless waiting are reflected with a fidelity that leaves one breathless There

is also a sense of the eternal presence of nature as a companion of human emotions He knew that life is full of strife and striving and the world is far from perfect, but he felt that the imperfections and the faults, the sufferings and longings of our earthly life make it more dear to man.

For Tagore, the world is not only a stage where man strives after a fuller life, but also a loving mother that watches over his efforts to find a richer meaning in all experience Tagore was no ascetic and deliberately repudiated the ideal which seeks to deny the multitudinous life of the body Nor was he an epicure or a hedonist, for he felt that the real glory of life lies in the constant striving for a fuller and richer experience This yearning for fuller life recurs again and again in his poems In *Basundhara* (The World) he sings of the abounding life of the earth and man's close kinship to the swelling tide of primeval energy In one of his most famous lyrics *Swarga Hoite Biday* (Farewell to Heaven) he compares the passionless calm of heavenly bliss with the exquisite flow of joy and pain in earthly experience Tagore leaves us in no doubt where his own preference lies

Tagore was essentially a lyric poet, but his love for nature and his sense of kinship with all life gives a rich dramatic quality to many of his poems With his deep humanity and passionate yearning for justice, it is not surprising that he should be attracted by social and political themes The occasion may be a particular experience, but whatever he touches is lifted to a higher plane of universal meaning He has written some bitter satires against the prejudices and superstitions of his own people, but with a few rare exceptions, they also show how his essential humanism rises above his indignation and wrath Even his patriotic poems are instinct with a feeling for all humanity For Tagore, patriotism was a positive quality of love for his own people and land, never a negative attitude of hatred for the foreigner One of the finest examples of this is seen in his poem, *Guru Govind*, where passionate love for one's country and people

is seen to deepen into love for all mankind In fact, Tagore never recognised that anything human could be foreign to him In his famous lyric, *Prabashi* (The Wanderer), he declares that man has his home in every clime and his country in every region of the world This sense of identification with all mankind has found one of its finest expressions in our National Anthem where Tagore invokes the Lord of the heart of all the peoples of the world as the arbiter of India's destiny

Tagore's love for man unconsciously and inevitably merged into love of God We have already indicated how nature and man were united in his imaginative grasp of experience Nor did he ever think of divinity as something apart and remote from human life For him God was essentially love The love of the mother for her child or of the lover for the beloved are only instances of the supreme love that is God And this love expresses itself not only in the ecstatic devotion of the mystic but also in the routine of everyday life of the common man. Tagore repeatedly declared that God is to be realised in the common relations of life and in the daily work which sustains the world There is no doubt that Tagore was deeply influenced by both Vaishnava poetry and Sufi mysticism. His poems and songs are full of images and themes which remind us of ecstatic experience, but we also find a keen sense of the facts of daily life His words and phrases have an authenticity of expression that can be born only out of personal experience Nuances of feeling are fused with moods of nature in a way which has few parallels in the world's poetry

A word may be said about the quality of his mystic poetry When *Gitanjali* was first published in an English translation, the West hailed it for its message of peace and love in a war-torn and embittered world There is no doubt that the poems in that slender volume are charged with a deep sense of peace and calm They have an ineffable quality of beauty and remoteness in spite of the familiarity of the themes and the simplicity of the language and imagery To readers in Europe and America,

they came with the delighted wonder of a new discovery, but to readers of Tagore in Bengali the poems are only a natural culmination of his earlier writing The love of nature and man had by unconscious steps merged into the love of God Deep personal suffering had given a mellowness to his images and themes Growing experience had revealed to him the undoubted truth that all our life is surrounded by mystery. The wonder and pathos of human life had brought a new sympathy and understanding to his works of imagination

One characteristic of many of these later lyrics of Tagore is their utter simplicity In his earlier poems, he drew largely upon the rich associations and assonance of Sanskrit Many of them recapture the theme and spirit of classical Indian literature He has no doubt often given a new twist to an old situation, but the affiliation with the rich mythology of India is unmistakable In his later poems dedicated to man and God, he has shed all adornment The simplest of human situations are used to reveal his experience of the divinity The language also takes on the directness and simplicity of common speech In many of these later songs and lyrics, we stand face to face with the immediacy of experience Words have become transparent and like the notes of purest music speak to us with a vividness and force that often leave us speechless

Nor must we forget that Tagore was throughout his life an earnest and intrepid seeker of truth The vigour of his intellect pierced the facade of sham and hypocrisy which we often build to hide our poverty The massive and masculine quality of his writing has remained largely unknown to those who have not read him in the original For one thing, the translations have been selective and have left out some of the most powerful examples of his intellectual sweep For another, many of the translations are in fact adaptations and have toned down the rugged strength of the original

The concern with man and his fate showed quite early in Tagore's

life. In *Sandhya Sangeet*, one of his earliest books of poems, we already find him brooding over the problem of existence He also shows a precocious awareness of the unloveliness which results when man's selfishness masquerades as love The philosophical strain gains in depth and intensity in *Naivedya*, but it is perhaps in *Balaka* that we have the finest fusion of intellect and emotion Some of the poems of *Balaka* reveal an integration of thought and feeling which has transformed metaphysical speculation into the purest lyric poetry

Tagore was reaching after new experiences and new expressions almost to the last day of his life In his sixties, there was an outburst of lyric poetry which can compare with the best work of his early youth The poems of this period reveal a new note of deep feeling and passion purified by suffering The intimate and personal quality of these poems is replaced in the next decade by a rich and mellow humanism The exuberance of his earlier writings is replaced by a rare economy of thought and expression There is a sense of power and assurance in some of his last poems which astonish us by their intellectual vigour There is also a new questioning of the ultimate ends of existence matched with a calm acceptance of life with all its imperfections and its promise

III

Tagore wrote over a thousand poems and two thousand songs He was barely fifteen when his first work was published and he wrote his last poem almost on the eve of his death A mere statement of these facts explains why it is so difficult to make a selection of his writings In fact, to prepare an anthology is always a difficult task An anthology reflects the judgment of the editor and nobody can expect that his choice will satisfy all tastes That is why we find that no anthology is ever fully satisfying If this holds for prose, it is still truer for poetry Different readers have their different tastes Besides, the appeal of a poem depends on the reader's experience and mood A poem which

moves one reader may leave another cold Even the same reader may and does react differently at different times and under the stress of different feelings However skilful the selection and however conscientious the editor, it is perhaps impossible to produce an anthology which will satisfy all readers at all times

Tagore's enormous volume, range and variety make the task of selection both more difficult and more necessary Even the greatest of poets cannot always live on the peak of inspiration He must occasionally relax and sometimes even descend into the valley The average reader has neither the time nor the inclination to wade through all the writings of a master in order to discover and appreciate his finest work Tagore's reputation has suffered with foreign readers because mainly one aspect of his writings—and that not always the strongest and the deepest—has been presented to them This applies not only to foreign readers, but also to Indians outside Bengal This is a national misfortune in a double sense A majority of Indians have remained unfamiliar with some of the best writings of India's greatest poet The world outside has been denied knowledge and appreciation of the insights achieved in India It is therefore necessary in both national and international interest that a new selection of Tagore's writings should be made Sahitya Akademi has accepted this challenge and proposes to bring out eight volumes of selected poems, songs, dramas, novels, stories and essays of Tagore Their first aim will be to give readers in all the Indian languages a better idea of the breadth, the sweep and the vigour of Tagore's genius A second and subsidiary aim will be to offer the same gift to readers in other countries of the world

The present anthology of 101 poems is the first instalment of the proposed selected works The poems are being published first in transliterated devanagari script and will then be translated into all the major Indian languages Thereafter, they may be translated into the major languages of the world There is so much affinity among all the languages of northern India that

even readers who do not know Bengali—the language in which Tagore wrote—would understand a poem if only they could read it Not only are there close affinities in language, but also an affinity in emotion and attitude born of common background, common themes and common experience In the case of the languages of South India the verbal differences are no doubt formidable, but the unity of sentiment and tradition is equally strong With the help of the translations, readers in almost all the Indian languages will be able to appreciate the beauty and suggestiveness of Tagore's originals presented in devanagari script When later these poems are translated into other languages of the world, they will, it is hoped, give a more representative idea of Tagore than the extant selections and translations have done

There is of course nothing sacrosanct about the number 101 If a reader says that the number could be doubled and yet poems of only the highest quality included, I for one, would not question the statement I would also accept the criticism that some of the poems left out of this selection are as good as, if not better than, those that are included There is always room for difference of opinion as to which are the best hundred or two hundred poems of a great poet I would however claim for this selection two things Nothing is included which is not first rate Also, the selection is representative and aims at including at least some specimens of the many moods and styles in which Tagore wrote One qualification to this statement is necessary, for songs have been left out on purpose They no doubt include some of Tagore's finest lyrics, but since it is intended to bring out a separate selection of songs, it has been considered advisable to leave them out of the present volume

The anthology starts with *Nirjharer Swapnabhanga* to which I have already referred Tagore regarded the poem as the awakening of his own poetic genius The lyric note struck in it is evoked again and again throughout Tagore's long creative life Sometimes, it is tinged with a note of mystic yearning as in

Sonar Tari or *Niruddesh Jatra* Sometimes, the lyric note is charged with deep human passion and significance as in *Jete Nahi Dibo*, *Basundhara* or *Bharat-tirtha*. Sometimes it is a case of sheer lyricism in which sensuousness and intellectual content are fused in a perfect unity as in *Urvasi*, *Chhabi* or *Chanchala* One of the most exquisite specimens of such fusion is found in the fragment *Prahar Sesher Aloy Ranga*

For Tagore, man's supreme achievement lies in his conquest of private sorrow and the giant agony of the world. Man triumphs over the misery which arises out of selfishness and personal discord He also rises above the deep sorrow that is the inescapable consequence of the transitoriness of life In *Bidya Abhishap*, Kacha becomes truly human when in return for Devajani's curse, he blesses her In *Brahman* the teacher discovers that the dignity of man lies not in the accident of his birth, but in his acceptance of the truth without any mental reservations In *Jete Nahi Dibo*, the poet recognises that a small child may sometime express the innate truth of human nature when more sophisticated men and women fail In *Gandharir Abedan* and *Karna Kunti Sambad*, we have the same emphasis on the dignity of man which triumphs over the call of affection, ambition or fear The pathos and the beauty of human relations are caught in smaller poems like *Didi* or in the exquisite series of children's poems starting with *Janmakatha*

Tagore has often used traditional themes and drawn extensively upon the associations and assonances of classical Indian literature He has however transmuted whatever he has touched Tagore had the greatest admiration for Kalidasa, but even when he has taken a theme from him, Tagore has given it a twist that makes his treatment essentially modern For Tagore, *Meghduta* is a message not from a mythical Yaksha to his beloved, but an expression of the yearning of all human lovers in all ages and climes In *Ahalyar Prati*, *Bhrasta Lagna* and *Swapna*, he has recaptured the atmosphere of a vanished past, but he makes it clear that the past lives again in our moods and emotions of

today Rarely has the relation between past and the present, between mythology and experience been more skilfully brought out than in a poem like *Madan Bhasmer Par* This power to recapture and resuscitate the traditions of the past marks the poems of even his latest period In *Tapo-bhanga*, we find a magnificent interpretation and reorientation of an ancient legend which proclaims the final conquest of asceticism by the upsurge of new life.

Tagore experimented not only with the theme and subject but also with the form of poetry He was never afraid of the influence of his predecessors He borrowed freely from the traditional Vaishnava Poetry of Bengal and has himself acknowledged his indebtedness to a poet like Biharilal No man can escape his environment or his age Attempts to do so lead more often than not to failure, and are in fact generally a symptom of the poet's lack of self-confidence Tagore grew under the influence of contemporary society, but the very process of growth enabled him to transcend them in course of time Once he was sure of his medium, he did not hesitate to experiment in both the form and the matter of his poetry and sought inspiration in fields of experience which had been earlier neglected in Bengali poetry In fact, he largely obliterated the distinction between what is and what is not subject matter for a poem In the *Kshanika*, we find him selecting themes which at first sight offer no poetic possibilities at all but his genius lifts them above the level of the commonplace and makes them glow with the light of beauty The claim of Wordsworth that the deepest experience can be expressed in the simplest terms and the facts of everyday life lit up with the light of mystery finds vivid justification in many of Tagore's poems of this period Laughter and tears, humour and passion are fused to give a strange combination of wistfulness, yearning and mockery We find in poems like *Krishna-Kali*, *Jathasthan* or *Shekal* a wonderful interplay of human moods, emotions and feelings

Tagore was essentially a lyric genius but occasionally we find in him a sharp note of irony, if not satire, against the evils

of society. He knew that the conventional Indian claim to spirituality is at times nothing but a refusal or inability to think. In *Hing Ting Chhat* Tagore ruthlessly tears the screen of profoundness which often hides a vacant mind In *Dui Pakhi*, he has ridiculed the way in which we have allowed lifeless conventions and dead traditions to cumber up our life In *Devatar Gras*, he portrays the struggle between conventional beliefs and the religion of man and how truth ultimately prevails over the forms in which man often loses it In *Apamanita*, and *Dhula Mandir*, we have the contrast of scorn and indignation against the indignity of man and the acceptance of the equality of all vocations

Some critics may object that this anthology is over-weighted with poems of his later life There is perhaps some truth in the charge, for we have over 20 poems written between 1928 and 1941 and only 80 poems from 1882 and 1924 One reason for this is that till now, the earlier period has generally been better represented in selections in both the original Bengali and in translations into other languages Another reason for a somewhat larger selection from the later period is that the later poems show a greater economy of thought and expression Mastery of technique and concentration of feeling have combined to make the poems of this period deeper and more poignant While Tagore has written many beautiful love poems in his earlier youth, they seem to play on the surface of life and do not descend into the depths where passion burns In fact, critics have at times said that he was more concerned with words and expressions than with the experience of love This is not quite true, for we have poems like *Ratre O Prabhate* or passages full of passion as in *Swarga Hoite Biday*, but if one places these poems by the side of his later poetry, one has to admit that the latter has a depth and gravity which the earlier poems lack There are few poems in any language which can match the restraint and concentrated passion of *Stabda Rate Ek Din* or *Bhalobasar Mulya*.

Apart from increasing intensity and concentration, the poems of his latest phase show a growing concern with the problems of the mystery of life In spite of the great richness and variety of Bengali poetry, it has often exhibited a parochial quality Even some of the most beautiful Vaishnava lyrics are so imbedded in local atmosphere that they cannot be lifted out of their context One of the great achievements of Tagore was the introduction of a new note of urbanity and universality. They make his poems as appealing to a man in Europe or America as to a man in Bengal This universal and urban note continually deepened throughout his long life and the poems of his last period show them in a most marked degree They are also marked by the attempt at establishing a kinship with man in all his efforts and strivings, his hopes and failures, his aspirations and his daily work The physical suffering which Tagore had to face in his last days has also been expressed with a vividness and poignancy that has rarely been equalled The economy of expression in a poem like *Abasanna Chetanar* or *Ajasra Diner Alo* is in sharp contrast with the abandon and exuberance of the poems of his early youth Not only is there a sense of restraint and economy, but also a deep sense of fullness and completion in the last poems that he wrote He had, it seems, made his peace with life and the world There is misery and suffering in the world Existence is dogged by the fact of death, but in spite of all its imperfections life is full of significance and value *E Jivane Sundarer* or *Madhumay Phrithibir Dhuli* is full of the sense of the victory of life in the shadow of the valley of death

It is difficult if not impossible to trace the development of a poet's mind In other fields of experience there is a continuity of growth which seems to conform to certain laws In the case of poetry, inspiration waxes and wanes in a mysterious and inexplicable manner Some of the greatest poems of a poet have been written early in his youth, while in his maturity he often produces only mediocre or conventional work Tagore is no exception to this rule and we find that there are exquisite poems in his earliest period and

some uninspired ones in his later life Nevertheless the way in which he sustained his inspiration throughout a long life of eighty years marks him as one of the greatest poets of all times The energy and the vitality which enabled him to achieve this is derived from the unity and integrity of his personality He summed up in himself the various strands which today make up India's composite culture It was his special glory to catch and reflect the various aspects of India's myriad-sided life He drew largely upon Sanskrit literature and enlarged both the vocabulary and the metric forms of Bengali He effected an almost perfect fusion between Vaishnava lyricism and Sufi mystic feeling He interpreted with sympathy and imagination the courtly ways which had developed in the wake of feudalism in the middle ages Simultaneously he drew upon the untapped sources of the life of the common people Images and symbols of the Bengal village are woven into the fabric of his poetry with exquisite skill He also incorporated into Bengali literature the ideals and moods of Europe The sense of power and speed in many of the poems of *Balaka* may well be derived from European sources Everything is transient, is an ancient human finding, but Tagore gave to it a new significance by making it the symbol of the motion that is latent in all things

In a word, Tagore's poetry is born out of an amalgam of the rich classical heritage of ancient India, the spacious ways of the Mughal Court, the simple verities of the life of the common people of Bengal and the restless energy and intellectual vigour of modern Europe He is an inheritor of all times and all cultures It is this combination of many different strands and themes that gives to his poetry its resilience, universality and infinite appeal

Lyudmil Stoyanov

Panteley Zarev

The first twenty years of this century saw the beginnings of a characteristic movement in literature. Eminent writers previously limited to the literary creed which supported symbolism, Parnassism or individualism, gradually liberated themselves from its ideological and aesthetic influence. Concerned about the problems of real life, they came down from their ivory towers of dreams and mirages into the world of reality. The transition to the world of reality was frequently marked by a protest against the crying imperfections of life. Anatole France, Henri Barbusse and Theodore Dreiser may be quoted as examples of this complex process. These writers sensed the approaching storm and caught the restless rumble of what was imminent and new.

Lyudmil Stoyanov, a humanist writer, ardent apologist of culture and exponent of contemporary progressive ideals, developed under the influence of the First World War, the October Revolution, the struggles of the working people in Bulgaria and in other countries. With his creative and journalistic writing he raised his voice in defence of culture, along with celebrated humanist writers like Romain Rolland, Alexei Tolstoy, Louis Aragon and Pablo Neruda. The broad humanitarian foundations of his world outlook impelled him towards the great aim of the period—the defence of cultural values and of the heritage of human intellect. The idea of preserving all that was of cultural value was equivalent to upholding human dignity.

The influence of Gorky's thought and of Soviet literature is discerned in the works and articles of Lyudmil Stoyanov. Effective humanism became the main factor in the writer's world outlook and is reflected both in the content and the style of his works. He subjected not only the culture of the past, but the personality of man to re-appraisal. The problem of the doubtful 'virtues' of the society of the day, of the doubtful 'value' of a personality educated by the ethics of egoism, deceit and lies, came to the fore. A tense, high spirit, searching analytical thought—these

were the inner marks of the content and artistic style of Lyudmil Stoyanov's work.

The poem 'I cannot do without people,' written in 1928, is a resolute rejection of the former poetry of symbolism Instead of an abstract and fantastic concept of the world, it is instinct with vivid and concrete images, the feeling is direct and infectious, the reader feels how reality has passed into the poet's heart The work is a picture of a short moment of life, full of content The exquisite form here is not in conflict with the concrete earthly sensuousness of the images. On the contrary, the latter is achieved precisely by means of the former The new wisdom stored in the heart, which teaches him that life is where people are, not in lonely isolation from the world which destroys a man, gives inner force to the feeling expressed by the author The concrete simplicity of the speech comes from the simplicity and natural directness of the concepts

In the 'thirties, Lyudmil Stoyanov came close to the revolutionary struggle in Bulgaria, and was drawn into the stream of its movement New tones were heard in his humanism The writer realizes that a striving towards the new, not attachment to the old, should be the stimulus of social emotion, of militant purposefulness His writing now achieved a lucidity which he had sought so painfully for almost ten years He was now fully aware of the truth that neither beauty nor truth can exist in art, if they are not found in life, that truth and beauty in art are inseparable from the great and fundamental tasks of the day Lyudmil Stoyanov unhesitatingly sided with the working people In those years he grew to full stature as a humanist writer, who had accepted the heritage of the past, and was inspired by the ideals of the present day He grasped the true spirit and inner content of his times, and revealed new and unsuspected sides of his talent The 'thirties are the most fruitful period in Lyudmil Stoyanov's work He found support both in the progressive movement and in a new method of creation, in a new relation to life His explorations into reality

were not fettered by aesthetic injunctions, the limiting barriers to a knowledge of life fell away. The striving to achieve precision of detail and loyalty to truth in its essence became guiding principles in his artistic thought and helped the author to produce his best books *Colonel Matov's Silver Wedding*, *Cholera* and *Mehmed Sinap* To expose hypocrisy of people in the privileged classes, to lay bare the contrasts hidden behind the exterior of ordinary 'calm' human life, these were the impulses which made him write *Colonel Matov's Silver Wedding* His earlier stories, in which petty and cruel passions are depicted, as well as a complex tangle of personal and social relations, and the thirst for a breath of fresh air, paved the way for the creation of this psychologically analytical work

In the spiritual portrait of Colonel Matov the writer has painted moral degradation which has reached the final limits The action takes place in a very short time—from the celebration of the silver jubilee of his wedding, at which Matov has a stroke, to his death—a few days in all In a short period of time the hero's whole life flashes by as in a film, relations in his family are revealed and a terrible and striking tragedy comes to life, a world imbued with poison In reality the action takes place in the hero's consciousness On that screen the reader sees the man's entire history, with his past and his present, with the insignificant number of happy moments, and with all that has defeated and destroyed him Lyudmil Stoyanov's preference for direct psychological analysis is justified by the writer's artistic aim—to *unmask his hero by forcing him* 'to live' *among his readers*, to bare his soul and make them listen to its most intimate tremors

The language and style are tense, vivid, dynamic, rich in nuances, and contrasts. The novel is distinguished by a realistic portrayal of life, a great variety of characterization and a deep psychological analysis The author's attitude and his ideas on society are simply and naturally interwoven in the general fabric of the narrative and lend to the characters features which are individual and yet typical The power of the author's irony is best seen in

Colonel Matov's Silver Wedding It destroys illusions and debunks romance and false ideas about the 'knights of civic honour' It lays bare the greatest sores of the society, the deceitfulness and false veneer of its morals

Cholera is Lyudmil Stoyanov's maturest work This short novel was written in conditions of sharpened social contradictions and a struggle against war It bears the stamp of its day, of its revolutionary impetus Following the example of the great twentieth century humanists, Stoyanov posed the great question of war in his work Bulgarian history provides the subject-matter for this short novel, an accidentally preserved diary is its direct source The experiences of soldiers at the Macedonian front in the Balkan War of 1913 are described in it The main subject is the experience of those who suffered from the cholera, the seeds of the soldiers' mutinies are hinted at, mutinies that were not organized as yet, but which were to develop in the future The novel is a cry against the war, an appeal to turn it into an anti-imperialist war

The narrative is in the first person and the experiences of the hero—an intellectual who has linked his fate with that of the mass of soldiers—give an idea of what the majority lived through The hero's forced participation in the war has resulted in tenseness of thought, extreme acuteness of feeling, and fantastic ideas, born of an almost diseased imagination The nightmare quality of war is suggested with remarkable force Man has become an automaton, he has lost consciousness of his personality and dignity A feeling of being doomed has become almost tangible and stands out in the smallest details—as when the soldier cannot get his belt through its buckle, or the terse, broken conversations, which reveal profound anxiety before the battle The idea of the senselessness of what is being done pervades the work This negation has a profound interior portent—the soldiers' mutiny

Few traits are used to describe the hero's character—the reader learns little about his past, his preferences, even his will and his

range of feeling He is known among the soldiers by the nickname of 'Daskalcheto' (the little schoolmaster), and as a man of the people But what makes him impressive is the horror he experiences, the nightmares on the frontier between life and death The hero's suffering is a symbol of what thousands of people experienced when they were faced with the naked and ghastly truth of war—the cruel slaughterhouse of people which is kept up first with violence, then with deceit, in the name of some 'ideal' or other Every event, every diversion of the commander and the 'enemy' pass through the hero's consciousness, which turns, as it were, into a screen on which an objective picture of life is seen The writer does not draw the landscape in detail, but the actions of people, their movements, their closeness to the land, the thoughts which constantly soar to what is beyond the bounds of the horizon, all these make the setting quite tangible The pictures are tinged with the hero's subjectivism—they reflect his experiences, his criteria on things At the same time they are profoundly objective, for they depict what is real

To give body to the experiences of his characters, the author shows us the relations between the soldiers, their constant complaints—for they are ill-fed and harassed—and their conflicts with the sergeant, the symbol of order, of command He makes successful use of the images of time and space In that illogical world in which man finds himself, time acquires a particular significance and a certain relativity in the hallucinations of imagination, when normal criteria are destroyed and the difference between an instant and eternity is wiped out In the hours of attack each separate moment is dramatic and tense, while the hours of rest are long-drawn-out, as if they had no end

In the hero's experiences the image of space, too, takes on a fantastic form, although it retains its reality. Everything about the landscape is unusual Distance is created between the hero —the soldier who is dying—and the surrounding line of the horizon. A vast, bare and boundless plain is seen with the mirage of its outlines perceived by a sinking deceived conscious-

ness. The introduction of the landscape here, in its unearthly and marvellous beauty, has its profound logic—it creates a link between the hero's experience and the idea of the denial of war in the name of mankind In the course of the narrative the author and the hero sometimes melt into each other and sometimes separate, the author contemplating that which is inaccessible to the hero

In *Cholera* Lyudmil Stoyanov introduces the device of dream-visions The hero, detached from reality, with a paralyzed will, gives himself up to his inner urge for self-preservation And his ideas come from the one-time world, alluring and wonderful, acquire the significance of a symbol almost, of the common denominator of a longing for life, sharply contradicting all that is happening In world literature the subject of war is treated from two angles—that of the humanist and pacifist writer, contemplating the frightful ravages as an objective postulate and the position of a humanist and revolutionary writer, who is conscious of the inner logical link of war with the dominant exploiting system, and who, by means of his creative work, arouses the revolutionary consciousness of the masses as if he were ringing a loud bell Lyudmil Stoyanov has written his novel from the latter position

A versatile writer who uses different genres, Stoyanov has written poetry too, following the tradition of Ivan Vazov, the great Bulgarian writer, who covered a large range of subjects and genres in his literary work His lyrical poetry, written early this century, has a typical and markedly expressed genre aspect Even in the years where he held most strictly to the tenets of symbolism, the poet was never particularly at home with certain of the forms elaborated by the romantics and partly by the symbolists, such as the ballad He made ample use of mythological forms, but they never became a world perception Even then Lyudmil Stoyanov gave direct expression to his feeling for the concrete and the abstract in a characteristic form—the direct personal statement or short story of a fantastic idea, inspired by

the legendary images of antiquity. Later he wrote of what he had observed or personally experienced in the same personal narrative tone, basing himself on definite and concrete impressions.

The intellectual element grew stronger in his lyrical poetry. He spoke of Europe with the old renown of its great humanists—Jan Hus, Giordano Bruno, Galileo, the Europe in whose Pantheons 'honour and reason sleep, buried in the shadow of the past.'

All that the poet wrote in the 'thirties was inspired by the idea of the future which was awaited. This trend in his subject-matter and his art was maintained after Bulgaria's liberation from fascism on September 9, 1944. The important subjects of the poems are sometimes hewn out with broadly epic and powerful images. The verses acquire a majestic tone, the composition is complete, welded together, logically lucid. The verses are born not only of the emotion which moves him at the moment, but of a lasting, well-considered attitude to the world. The images are taken from direct impressions of the life of the man-in-the-street, and from visions, literary reminiscences, ideas retained in the consciousness of the people's historic experience. Sometimes, though rarely, elements of song appear in them.

Lyudmil Stoyanov has worked for Bulgarian literature for over half a century with great devotion. His exacting care of the language is the same, in belles-lettres as in lyrical poetry and in journalism, too. In his articles he seeks for the lucid measured word, for the phrase with a euphonious ending. Influenced by a period of ideological and artistic decadence, having passed through the trials of a gradual liberation from delusion, Lyudmil Stoyanov developed as a sober, stubborn and irreconcilable fighter for the justice of the century. Over thirty years of his life have been dedicated to the battle for the triumph of the socialist ideal, for warding off the assaults of war, for the spread of a humanistic literature among the people for the peace and progress of humankind.

Biographical Data

Lyudmil Stoyanov was born on February 6, 1888, in the village of Kovachevitsa, Nevrokop county His parents were poor school teachers He went to the Plovdiv high school, coming to Sofia in 1905 to continue his education He fought as a soldier in the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913 He experienced personally the hardships of a soldier's life and fell ill with cholera After the world war he devoted himself to literary work In 1935 he took part in the Writers' International Congress in Defence of Culture in Paris, in 1936 he visited the Soviet Union and in 1937 participated in the Writers' Congress in Defence of the Spanish Republic, which took place in Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia

After the overthrow of the fascist regime in Bulgaria, Lyudmil Stoyanov played an increasingly active part in public life He is one of the outstanding representatives of the anti-war movement in Bulgaria, a member of the World Peace Council He is also known as a translator and popularizer of Russian and Soviet literature in Bulgaria He was awarded the Red Banner of Labour Medal for his services in this respect He is a Member of the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences and a Dimitrov Prize Winner His 70th birthday was celebrated in February and he was awarded the Georgi Dimitrov Order by the Presidium of the National Assembly of the People's Republic of Bulgaria

Lyudmil Stoyanov's principal works are several volumes of poetry—*Visions at the Crossroads* (1914), *First Mother* (1925), *Holy of Holies* (1926), *Earthly Life* (1939), *Poems* (an anthology 1945), *Beyond the Iron Curtain* (1953), volumes of short stories *The Scourge of God* (1927), *Souls of Women* (1928), *At an Outpost* (1939), *The Mercy of Mars* (1945) , short novels *Cholera* (1935), *Mehmed Sinap* (1936), *Colonel Matov's Silver Wedding* (1944), etc

Cholera

(extract from a soldier's diary)

Lyudmil Stoyanov

People are walking along Tsar-Osvoboditel as in times of peace They bump into each other, smile, greet each other Smart couples, officers in trim uniforms, civilians For these people the war might be taking place somewhere in Africa, they guard their peace of mind so jealously Not even the newspaper boys move them, when they shout
"Peace signed! Bulgaria to keep all her former territory! Demobilization order !"
I walk among the crowd with slow steps—there is no need to hurry, and my leg does not permit speed My appearance is strange, it inspires amazement I am looked at with dislike, as if people are saying "Where did *that* scarecrow come from?" Some of them may even feel anger—I am the living personification of their conscience
"Oh, I beg your pardon !"
The young lady looks at me with amazed and guilty eyes She has bumped into me and she stops for a second to apologize Then, after measuring me from head to heels, she turns and goes on quickly with the gentleman who is accompanying her, brushing something unclean off her skirt and hand, something I have stained her with Perhaps she is afraid of lice, or the devil knows what

People one knows at every step But they have sworn not to speak to me—they pass on, absorbed in their thoughts But why aren't they mobilized? They are neither sickly nor crippled They are the same people whom I used to meet before—writers, journalists, office workers—they are all here, probably carrying out certain important secret duties, like my friend at the Institute of Cartography Who knows? It's not my business to snoop around in the private lives of people back stage, but it surprises me frightfully I call to mind the campaigns, the battles—and the soldiers, Stoyan, Marin, submissive as cattle

"Hey, soldier, they're speaking to you !"
I stop and turn A tall officer with an imposingly curled moustache stands before me, asking sternly
"Don't you know that soldiers are not allowed here?"
"Is that so? I didn't know"
"That's not the way to answer"
"I'm answering your questions, Mister "
"You haven't even saluted"
"I apologize"
"I'll have you arrested—you can't apologize"
I mutter diconnectedly
"Please, I have urgent business to see to I'm ill and wounded "
Curious people crowd around
Then voices are raised·
"What a shame!" "Leave the man alone Don't you see he can scarcely stand?"
The Officer will not give way
"He's got to learn order and discipline They've all kicked over the traces It's not to be tolerated"
"You should have taught them that at the time, not now, when it's too late"
Who are these well-wishers? The officer begins to give ground
"Where are you going?"
"To the Boris Gardens I have to see some people I can't meet them anywhere else"
My answer does not satisfy him, but he gives a negligent wave of his hand, saying
"You should call your chiefs by their titles You may go"
And off he goes
I stand among the crowd, scarlet with confusion, until I find the strength to go on my way

They make way for me, more out of fear than respect. My appearance is so strange that people grow pale and try to pass

me by as quickly as possible. I am like a living lesson, a ghost from the trenches of the Kalimanovo Plain come to disturb their unclean consciences—all those who are comfortably settled in warm places, nestling in their wives' skirts, purveyors of low-grade materials and rotten equipment, of stinking cheese and soggy bread, of fur coats, distributed in July, authors of optimistic articles in the newspapers, written after the defeat, all those who crowd the boulevard that evening, with their relatives in the numerous government offices, hospitals and barracks—diplomats, not fit to be carters, and generals left without any army—all that world, irresponsible and thieving and base, with its four-storeyed patriotism—yes, yes, it is quite clear why Anton wanted to see the last of them "The devil take them we'll see the last of them"

A newsboy shouts
"Peace signed in Bucharest ! The flags furled for better days"
And he adds to himself
"Wait if you've the stomach for it!"
These thoughts bring me to a sentimental mood I am disagreeably moved at the memory of those who filled the holes in Macedonia Dear mates, wonderful lads Rest in peace
The officer is right, soldiers are forbidden access here, of course, soldiers with such a bad appearance as mine which does violence to the feelings of the crowd and gives them unpleasant thoughts
No soldiers are to be seen here except certain dandified staff-birds, clerks or orderlies
Suddenly my heart grows cold. Red circles and red braid on a pair of trousers appear before me.
A general
I salute more or less, without standing at attention
He stops
"Where have you come from, lad?"
"From the front, Sir"
„Don't show yourself here too much, for there are all sorts of

young officers around who throw their weight about, so you might have trouble Where were you wounded?"

"At the Kalimanovo Plain, Sir"

"Well, well. You look very thin"

"Yes, because of the sickness"

"You were ill too, on top of it all?"

"Yes, Sir, the cholera"

"Dear, dear I congratulate you on your escape"

He is solid, with a fat, beefy face and a fair well-curled moustache, obviously with a liking for high-sounding phrases and parading gestures He turns to the group of curious onlookers around us, who obviously expect fireworks

"It is pleasant, gentlemen, to see a real soldier, who has done his duty Yes Such people are rare, and we should all take our hats off to them As for you, my boy, you had better pass along Aksakov Street, if you don't want to get into trouble"

He sets off at a quick pace, creating a sensation among the crowd, delighted at the intimate behaviour of a general with a simple soldier, who has nevertheless been given the necessary order to free the boulevard of his presence.

I go on to the Eagles' Bridge There, I think, this one will recognize me at last

I smile in a friendly way and look him straight in the eye A well-known writer, the author of patriotic stories He stops for a moment, astounded at meeting me in such a state Then he shakes hands with me

"Well, who'd have thought it! How thin you are!"

"Yes, I've been through a lot, but"

"Well, how came you to be breaking your head in those wild places?"

"What's to be done, a partriotic duty, isn't it?"

"Why, you're an architect, aren't you? Couldn't you have managed to get into the Pioneers? Deuce take it! A man can't look at you in peace—without laughing Excuse me, but in those clothes you look as if you'd been taken out of a cushion —ha-ha-ha! Listen, come and see me You know we get

together in the Bulgaria Cafe, to comment on events there All our fellow-writers go there, we play backgammon and chess and talk politics."

"So everything is going on, in the old way?"

"Yes"

"You're all alive and well?"

"We're not such fools as to go and get ourselves blown to bits for nothing"

"How can you say that? What about the country duty ."

"I mean to say we keep our lives for higher aims, for art Some fight with the sword, others with the pen . I myself, for instance, my new book's just out, in which I laud the heroes I mean to say our soldiers"

"What's it called?"

"What?"

"The book."

"*Crown of Thorns*"

"I'll try to get it"

"You really must You'll find a lot in it and it will explain many things to you, the war, noble deeds, self-sacrifice "

Surely, I don't doubt that"

"We'll talk about it afterwards Where are you off to?"

"To the Gardens"

"Goodbye then You really must come"

"Goodbye"

He goes on, and I look after him enviously.

The wide boulevard lies behind me, clean, light, gaily coloured, with the pointed towers of the buildings, and fiery red clouds in the West where the sun is setting A stream of people is pouring in this direction and scattering through the walks

The trees and the flowers sadden me I want to be among people, to feel their steps, their glances, their smiles

Two white-haired old men are sitting on the bench I take Involuntarily I hear the end of their talk

"After that, who got the job ?"

"Baron Gendovich, of course And he supplied the rubbish

which was the reason for our army's freezing to death "
"Amazing Are there no prisons for robbers like that ?"
"Prisons, eh ? Ha-ha-ha ! He'll get a decoration, mark my words "

I have come out with a definite aim, but nothing comes of it The walk to the Gardens has tired me out On the way back I pass by the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral and Regentska Street I have to obey the general's orders, don't I—for the vaccine of military discipline has gone deep into me A general ! Why that's an inaccessible word, a thunderous word—it makes the blood of all ranks run cold—even the ensigns No matter that it is hard for him to sign his name, literacy is not a general's virtue Only for us simple soldiers is a general not so terrible The distance between us is too great But fear of the chief—in his full glory—has been passed on to us 'The general is coming' means that the whole battery of regulations comes to life and is put into action at once with all its articles This idea has a magic force to which I submit, although I turn not into Aksakov Street, but into Regentska Street

The University building is silent—the youngsters will be coming out of it in a minute so will she But no, I suddenly remember that the University is closed How could I have forgotten that ?
"Look out, lad, the car will run you over!" I hear a policeman cry
The royal car passes by slowly with the royal personage inside My appearance must indeed be strange, because a pair of eyes give me a long look, and the royal hand is slowly raised in a salute I salute too
The tall acacias grow dark in the street along which I slowly walk backwards and forwards
A funeral goes by, nobody is following the dead man, if one does not take a company of soldiers into account, marching behind the bier with their rifles because they have been ordered to give the salute when the coffin is lowered into the ground.

Just a private soldier, who has died in some hospital or other who knows from what distant village he has come? In two or three weeks the municipal messenger will take a bundle of clothes to his home and, throwing it down carelessly, will say "You son, good wife. They've sent his clothes back "

The acacias grow darker and darker With a resolute gesture I turn and make for the station

Translated by Marguerite Alexieva

An Eighteenth-Century Urdu Satirist

(*Sauda*, *c 1713-1780*)

Ralph Russell

The poet Sauda is one of the first great names in the history of Urdu literature in northern India He spent the greatest part of his life in Delhi, the capital of the Mughal Empire, in a period when that Empire was in catastrophic decline Under four great Emperors, from 1556 to 1707, the Empire had known an age of dazzling splendour, and its capital had grown to be one of the greatest and most renowned cities in the world Yet by the time Sauda reached his fifties the picture had totally changed The Emperor had lost all effective power except that of granting, under threat of force, legal sanction to the acts of his nominal 'subjects' The great provinces had broken away to become virtually independent kingdoms The English had established themselves in the East, in the Empire's richest province, while the Afghans ruled a huge tract of what had once been imperial territory in the North-West, and repeatedly invaded and plundered the imperial capital itself Within the domains still nominally part of the Empire, unceasing warfare raged between the great nobles, and combined with the forces of plebeian rebellion to produce a great anarchy in the land In this anarchy only one principle guided the actions of the great and powerful—the principle of naked self-interest, and that principle was generally conceived in the narrowest and most short-term sense To this overriding principle all others could be, and were, subordinated. It was a degenerate age, an age in which an old order was breaking up and no new one yet emerging to take its place

People generally familiar with this background have all too often assumed that the poetry of the period reflects and expresses this degeneration It is a false assumption, and nothing shows its falsity so clearly as do the satires of Sauda

Sauda, like every other great poet of his day, depended upon the patronage of the great nobles for his livelihood, but this did not

prevent him speaking his mind with the utmost forthrightness in his verse, lashing that very nobility on whom he depended, for all the vices which their conduct so abundantly exemplified Indignant, angry, and deeply grieved at all he saw around him, he used his gifts as a poet to pillory every manifestation of degeneracy and moral rottenness in pungent satire against both institutions and individuals His verse, and many traditional stories about his life, show that for this purpose he used every weapon with which his exuberant and intensely vital nature could provide him, including ridicule, invective, and the coarsest and most ribald humour For though Sauda was a man who could grieve deeply, his nature was such that grief could rarely dominate it He had an unquenchable zest for living, an indomitable buoyancy of spirit, and a capacity to enjoy to the full all the good things which life can offer, including all the enjoyments of physical luxury, and including also—the evidence of his poems shows this—the pleasures which come from a wide range of learning and an extensive reading of literature His lusty, boisterous spirit pervades all his satires He was not the man to keep silent about things which impaired his enjoyment of life or offended against the standards of conduct which he expected every decent man to observe. Some satires are not aimed at people at all One attacks the excessive heat of summer, while another objects with spirited indignation to the hardships of an exceptionally severe winter The latter begins

This year it was so cold that people said
The sun himself rose shivering from his bed

and has such characteristic lines as

The youngster who gets married in this season
Must hang his head in shame, and with good reason.
His bride lies with him in the bridal bed,
But he is forced to hug his knees instead,
So cold it is

But a much greater number of satires are attacks upon particular people, and extremely vigorous attacks at that One of the best assails a rich noble for his meanness, a vice more detestable than most to one of Sauda's generous nature Sauda introduces his subject thus

God filled the world with numberless good things
That every man might eat and have to spare,
Man lives in a vast orchard, fit for kings,
Laden with fruits enough for all to share
The ordinary man like you and me
Gives thanks that He provides for us so well
But what is He to do with such as he
Who figures in this tale I'm going to tell?

One of the highlights of this satire is a passage put into the mouth of the miser himself, in which he contrasts his own and his ancestors' thrift with the prodigal extravagance of his son, who had had the temerity to invite a friend to share a frugal meal with him

His grandsire was a great voluptuary,
But still, he was no spendthrift—no, not he!
He planned his operations like a soldier
And sent his servants, haversack on shoulder,
To beg from door to door for scraps of food,
And bring them back to him, anything good
He'd pick out for himself Then he would say
'The rest is yours'—and dock it from their pay
That's how our family fortunes were amassed,
And was it all for this, that he at last
Should leave us naked 'gainst the winter's blast?
I thought *myself* extravagant, but he
In reckless spending outdoes even me
He'll rapidly exhaust our buried hoards,
Pull down the house, and sell the bricks and boards
And all for senseless prodigality!

Well, since this thing is done, I'll have to see
Where lies the true responsibility
His tutor should have taught the boy more sense,
So he shall pay the bill

Sauda concludes this satire with the words

On such a perfect nobleman, I say,
May God send down his curses night and day

Many of his pieces are directed against self-important, ignorant frauds of one kind or another, for example, against a *hakim** named Ghaus Here Sauda launches his attack without any general preamble

There's a *hakim*, the mention of whose name
Makes every good physician blush with shame
Down in the main bazaar you'll find his house,
He looks like Satan, yet his name is Ghaus
Since he took up his practice people say
Death works while Healing takes a holiday
None whom he treated ever yet got well,
His patients populate both Heaven and Hell
Worthy successor to Halaku Khan**
He massacres Hindu and Mussalman

Lack of space precludes detailed consideration of other personal satires, but two points are noteworthy about all of them The first is that the vices which Sauda assails are those which have in

*A hakim is one who practises the traditional Greek system of medicine as developed by the Arabs Its practice is still widely prevalent in countries which have a large Muslim population Ghaus is a common title of Muslim saints as well as being a proper name, and Sauda makes use of this coincidence

** Halaku Khan was the grandson of Chingiz Khan ('Jengis Khan') and commander of the Mongol hordes which overran the Muslim Abbasid Empire

all ages been detestable to the ordinary decent man of every race and creed Moreover, it is from the standpoint of the ordinary decent man that they are attacked, a standpoint admirably expressed in Sauda's own description of himself 'I am not like the rose in the garden,' he writes, 'which all other flowers regard with envy, nor am I a thorn in anyone's path I am not famed for virtue nor yet notorious for vice I simply try to act as my best feelings dictate to me I seek no one's favours, nor do I ask that anyone should seek mine People may think well or ill of me as they please I act as my nature prompts me ' There is not a trace of puritanism in his attitude, and not the slightest suggestion of a 'holier than thou' approach One of his best short poems is a spirited attack on self-appointed censors of other people's morals In another he tells how he was approached by an acquaintance who warned him not to make any man his friend, for none would prove true when put to the test Sauda records his words and then writes

I heard him out, then, smiling, said to him
It is not good to speak so ill of men
Who made *you* judge of others? You had best
Thank God that no one puts *you* to the test

The second point of note is best introduced by the story of an incident which took place at a gathering at the house of a noble named Mirza Sulaiman Shikoh The host was conversing with Sauda and another poet called Sikandar when a third poet named Mir Zahik came in Zahik was a man whom Sauda cordially disliked, and Mirza Sulaiman Shikoh was well aware of this fact He greeted Zahik politely, asked him to be seated, and had the hookah set before him Then he turned to Sauda and said, smiling, 'Won't you recite something for us?' Sauda replied that he had not written anything recently, and then, with a gesture towards Sikandar added, 'But he has just written a poem, this is the first verse

Sikandar craves this boon of the Almighty,
Give Zahik strength to do a husband's duty

And when his wife brings forth a monkey-lad,
He'll dance it through the streets of Faizabad
And earn his living by an honest trade.'

Without waiting to hear any more, Mir Zahik rose and threw himself upon the astonished Sikandar, while others rushed in to part them. Meanwhile Sauda stood on one side smiling.

The incident not only reveals Sauda's character, it also well illustrates his satirical style. Within five lines it is suggested that Zahik is unable to perform a husband's duties without divine intervention, that he is so ape-like that most men would mistake his offspring for a monkey, that having no contribution to make to the society of cultured men, he lives simply by sponging on his fellows, and that even a monkey-dancer's despised trade would be a more honourable way of earning a living. Amidst this welter of choice insults only the last but one of the list is in any degree seriously intended. There is a single motive for attack, but Sauda assaults all along the line with every weapon that comes to hand.

This satirical method calls for some comment, lest the reader make the mistake of judging the satires of Sauda's day with the modern conventions of polemic in mind. In Sauda's day the satirist might legitimately employ every conceivable means of blackening his opponent and exposing him to ridicule, and the more outrageous his charges were, the greater would be the delighted appreciation of his audience. The poet, his audience, and the victim alike accepted these conventions, though that is not to say that the last-named relished his position. This is, of course, true not only of Sauda's country and Sauda's day. The comedies of Aristophanes in ancient Greece furnish a close parallel. In more modern times, the conventions which still govern the political cartoon approximately resemble those of Sauda's satires,—at any rate the cartoonist is allowed considerable freedom in the means he employs to heap ridicule on the politician under attack, including the right to ridicule peculiari-

ties of personal appearance and idiosyncrasies of personal habit

These approximate parallels may help the reader to understand the general atmosphere of Sauda's satires If he is to enjoy them he needs to be aware of that atmosphere and to enter into it He needs further not to be squeamish To say that Sauda's satires are not remarkable for their delicacy would be considerably to understate the position, the crude and coarse element in them is no less prominent than it is in the writings of Rabelais, but they are pervaded with the same healthy, vital, humanist spirit as Rabelais is, and can be read with the same enjoyment

Satires of this kind form the bulk of Sauda's satirical verse and some have concluded from this that he was nothing more than a sort of poetically-talented buffoon This judgement is very wide of the mark, and reflects an inability to see below the surface of Sauda's verse In point of fact, the mainspring of Sauda's satire, as of all truly great satire, is a deep compassion for humanity and a keenly felt sorrow and anger at the conditions of an age which deform and degrade man from his true greatness This is true even of the most boisterous and Rabelaisian of his work, despite surface appearances But there are other satires in which this deep feeling is quite apparent Two in particular, in which he surveys the whole social scene of his day, show how keenly he grieved over the decadence he saw around him and over the failure of men to observe those norms of social behaviour without which the happiness and welfare of the community becomes impossible One of these concludes with a moving lament for the fate of Delhi

'How can I describe the desolation of Delhi? There is no house from where the jackal's cry cannot be heard The mosques at evening are unlit and deserted and only in one house in a hundred will you see a light burning Its citizens do not possess even the essential cooking pots, and vermin crawl in the places where in former days men used to welcome the coming of spring with

music and rejoicing The lovely buildings which once made the famished man forget his hunger are in ruins now In the once beautiful rose gardens where the nightinagle sang his love songs to the rose, the grass grows waist-high around fallen pillars and broken arches In the villages round about, the comely young women no longer come to draw water at the wells and stand talking in the leafy shade of the trees The villages are deserted, the trees themselves are gone, and the wells are full of corpses * Jahanabad**, you never deserved this terrible fate, you who were once vibrant with life and love and hope, like the heart of a young lover, you for whom men afloat upon the ocean of the world once set their course as to the promised shore, you from whose dust men came to gather pearls Not even a lamp of clay now burns where once the chandelier blazed with light Those who lived once in great mansions now eke out their lives amid the ruins Thousands of hearts once full of hope are sunk in despair Women of noble birth, veiled from head to foot, stand in the streets carrying in their arms their little children, lovely as fresh flowers, ashamed to beg outright, they offer for sale rosaries made from the holy clay of Karbala

'But Sauda, still your voice, for your strength fails you now Every heart is aflame with grief, every eye brimming with tears There is nothing to be said other than this we are living in a special kind of age, so say no more '

These are not the words of a mere clown, and they may well serve to underline a point which Rabelais drew to the attention of his readers in words which Sauda might very well have used of his own writings ' You may not too easily conclude that they treat of nothing but mockery, fooling, and pleasant fictions You must open this book and carefully weigh up its contents You will discover then that the drug within is far more valuable than the box promised '

* Of women who, in the days when armies were looting and raping, threw themselves into the wells to escape dishonour

** Delhi

Three Poems by Bharati

A Spark of Fire

I chanced upon a spark of fire, a fireling!
I lodged it at the hollow of a forest tree
The forest was reduced to ashes!

Ha ha! Ha ha!

Is there 'big' or 'small', 'age' or 'youth',
In fire's power to destroy?

The Dead Past

Stumble not, fools! into the pit—
The preying destroying recapitulation
Of things past and done with—
Nor with the agony of vain regrets
The past will not return!

Rather grapple to thy heart the thought
That you have but today achieved
The baptism of another birth
Eat and play and live the blissful life
The Past and all its evil will cease for ever!

Aspirations

(1)

A brave heart
Sweet speech
Good thoughts
Seized fruit
Quick dividends
Dreams fulfilled
Wealth and happiness
And fame on earth

(2)

Clear vision
Willed action
Woman free
A fecund land
The Lord's grace
Truth triumphant
A new Heaven
A new Earth

The above translations of Bharati's poems are by S Prema (now Prema Nandakumar) and are reproduced here, by her courtesy, from her *Bharati in English Verse*, Porunai Publishers, Mylapore, Madras 4 (1958)

Bharati's Poems*

R P Sethu Pillai

It is an encouraging sign of the times that the Tamil language is now receiving the attention legitimately due to it and the fashion, too long current in the Tamil land, of speaking and writing in English, is rapidly giving place to an appreciation of the need to cultivate the mother-tongue

The Tamil language has been celebrated in legend and song for two millenia by poets and scholars who had revelled in its sweet richness Even the hills and the rivers of the land were invested through poetic fantasy with a charm characteristic of Tamil The southern hill known as the Podivil, on which the sage Agastya is reputed to live and foster the growth of Tamil, is venerated as the Tamil hill *par excellence* Kamban, the famous author of the *Ramayana* in Tamil, enjoins the monkey warriors, the Vanaras, who were deputed to search for Sita in the southern region, to bow to this hill in reverence but warns them not to tarry, lest they should become spellbound by the seductive sounds of Tamil and stay for ever there, forgetting their main errand And equally hallowed as the Podiyil is the river Porunai or Tambraparani which rises therein and flows through the land of Tirunelveli

This language-bound nationalism flourished through the ages and found an echo in later poets as well Bharati, whose poetic soil is fully attuned to the genius of Tamil, brings out this sentiment with a new fervour

'Ecstasy sweet as honey radiates into our ears when we

* This Introduction was originally written in Tamil by the distinguished scholar and critic, R P Sethu Pillai, Professor of Tamil, University of Madras, for the special edition of Bharati's Select Poems, published by Sahitya Akademi This edition is under translation in other Indian languages —*Ed*

utter the words 'Sen-Tamil Nadu', our very breath is surcharged with vigour when we refer to the land of our fathers .' The name 'Sen-Tamil Nadu' carries with it associations redolent of the sweet love of the mother In fact generations of Tamil scholars never differentiated between 'sweetness' and 'Tamil' which were treated as synonyms Bharati speaks of the Tamil country not only as motherland but also as father-land It is the Tamil tradition to treat motherhood as the embodiment of love while the idea of father-land signifies manliness and valour Hence, the conception of the Tamil country as mother-land radiates pleasure and as father-land a sense of power True to this tradition Bharati puts maternal love first and paternal power next In Tamil religion, God also has this twofold aspect of mother and father A great saint Manickavasagar, who sought release from the bondage of life, addresses God as 'Oh mother and father, the peerless gem ' Thus to look upon the Tamil land first as mother-land and next as father-land is the natural sublimation of the patriotism of all genuine Tamilians

If we really wish to honour our mother-tongue, we cannot do better than honour the great and gifted men who have handed down to us the heritage of our ancient literature It is sad to reflect that we have not yet honoured in sufficient measure the great bard Kamban whose unique masterpiece is replete with all the excellences of high poetry, or the high-minded Valluvar, whose *Kural* is the peerless well of Tamil undefiled Neither the greatness of Ilango who renounced all earthly pleasures in order to enjoy better the wealth of Tamil, nor that of the author of the *Manimekalai* to whom any imperfection in word or thought caused both physical and mental misery, has been fully realised by us So too the intellectual integrity of Nakkirar, who had the courage to face even God Siva and criticise what he considered to be the faults in His composition, ignoring the divine wrath unmistakably conveyed through the opening of His third eye, has not received its full meed of appreciation in the Tamil country

THREE GREAT POETS

Poetry is born when the spring of inspiration gushes out in the hearts of attuned souls. It is given only to a chosen few to enter the sublime field of poesy The poems of such chosen ones are replete with truths which bring light and salvation to those who study it One such poet in the Tamil land was Bharati, a native of Tirunelveli district Although he was proficient in Sanskrit and English, his poetic genius found its natural outlet only in his mother-tongue His songs abound in laudatory references to the land of his birth, to its wisdom and heroism, its flourishing trade and agriculture and its rivers and mountains The Kaveri that fertilises Chola Nad, the Palar that adorns Tondai Nad and the Vaigai celebrated in song—the enchantment that these rivers lend to the land captures the heart of the poet But dearer far to him are the great poets who have endowed it with the dower of their mighty intellects Bharati sings of 'The Tamil land famed for its learning—the land where the great Kamban was born '

To the Tamil country, again, goes the credit of producing a great seer who illuminated the paths of right conduct for all the world In an inimitable style which rouses a responsive chord in the Tamil breast, Bharati refers to 'the Tamil land which gave Saint Valluvar to the world at large and earned undying renown ' Saint Valluvar, who was born in the Tamil-Nad some two thousand year ago, has earned for himself a unique and abiding place among the famous poets of world Although he was born in the Tamil Nad, he belongs to all lands and climes, although his gospel was couched in the Tamil language, its appeal is to speakers of all tongues, it is truly universal

Ilango was a scion of the Chera royal house, but early in life, he gave up the riches of the realm for the wealth of the intellectual and literary world His *Silappadikaram* (or the Epic of the Anklet) is a poem of inimitable beauty Bharati's appreciation of this great work of art finds expression

in these words 'The Tamil land, which has a priceless necklace of precious gems in the *Silappadikaram* that captivates our hearts with its exquisite beauty' With its manifold felicities of thought and style, the *Silappadikaram*, magnet-like, draws readers to itself In this sense, it wins our minds and hearts Celebrating as it does the glories of the three kings of the Tamil land and their territories, typifying in itself the threefold division of Tamil literature, viz., Poetry, Music and Drama, Bharati appropriately describes the poem as a 'unique necklace of precious gems owned by the Tamil land'

With such a glorious past behind them, the Tamils of his day lived an ignominious life, oblivious of their past achievements The pity of it fills the poet's mind with sadness The Tamils, he says, had tongues but yet they were dumb, they had eyes but yet they were blind, they had ears but yet they were deaf To them he addresses this soul-stirring appeal 'Oh ye men of the Tamil land, do you deem it proper to bear the hallowed name of Tamilians? If you wish to deserve that name, you should wake up and take measures to spread the sweetness of your language all over the world' The Tamils should themselves first drink of the nectar so abundant in their literature and then in true conformity to the Tamil tradition as embodied in that oft-quoted passage which says that 'great men have a yearning that the rest of the world should partake of the pleasures that they have themselves enjoyed,' they should spread their sweet language and literature far and wide, for all peoples to enjoy In the houses and the streets and over the whole country the Tamil speech should flood the land till it echoes and re-echoes into a great strain of irresistible music—this was the great dream that animated Bharati

LIGHT OF LEARNING

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' said the English poet Beauty that apeals to the eye, knowledge that appeals to the intellect, both have been worshipped in India as divinities The

one is called Tirumakal, the goddess of beauty, and the other Kalaimakal, the goddess of knowledge Bharati's songs on the goddess of knowledge are memorable

The Arts are usually classified into the Beautiful and the Useful or utilitarian Those arts that appeal to our eyes and ears and through them give us pleasure go by the name of 'Beautiful Arts' The Useful Arts are those which serve to make the multitudinous things that are indispensable to man's life The goddess of knowledge is the embodiment of both these types of arts in Bharati's vision, this goddess lives in and animates the minds of great poets, and the hearts of inspired souls With the *Veena* in her arms, she dwells in the sweet lispings of babes, the mellifluous songs of women, the sweet notes of the cuckoo, the chirpings of the soft-winged parrot, she also lives in the paintings that lend colour and charm to palaces and domes, and in the entrancing sculptures in temples Thus the goddess lives in arts like poetry and music that appeal to the ear as much as in arts like painting and sculpture that appeal to the eye

Many are the craftsmen engaged in fashioning articles essential to the life of communities—smiths who make tools out of iron, wood-carvers who bring down mighty trees to chop, chisel and carve them, potters who make pottery out of wet clay, weavers who weave cloth out of silk and cotton The goddess of the Arts dwells equally in works such as these which are so beneficial to mankind It is this same goddess of knowledge who is revered, whether one dedicates himself to Vedic lore, to the art of war, agriculture or trade She dwells in the hearts of human beings, becomes the intellect of their intellects, steers them clear of wrong and shows them the right Truly does this goddess of the Arts respond to all who seek her light, regardless of whether they are rich or poor, high or low, old or young

The worship of this goddess is very old It goes back to the mystic lore of the ancient seers The votaries of knowledge worship her during the annual festival celebrated in her honour,

with books and professional tools as symbols and place offerings at her improvised shrine. Bharati sings on this annual festival.

'Oh you dwellers of the Sen-Tamil Nad, come, let us join and offer salutations to this goddess See, it is no easy matter to offer her genuine devotion Piling books, muttering sacred words, and offering flowers and applying sandal-paste will not satisfy her What, then, is the proper way to offer worship to the goddess of learning?'

It lies, according to our poet, in spreading the light of learning in each home One or two schools for each street, a college for each town—the establishment of these should be our goal The poet also reminds us that the education of the poor and unlettered is the foremost duty cast on us

'Growing avenues of fruit-bearing trees, digging springs of drinking water, endowing a thousand feeding-houses for the poor, building ten thousand temples, all these dwindle into insignificance compared to the noble task of imparting education to the poor.'

The Tamil land has for thousands of years laid stress on the practice of Dharma The Tamils have at all times seen to it that no hungry man at their door goes out without a hearty meal and the beaming face with which he leaves has been their greatest gratification and reward A Tamil prince once forsook the golden chariot he was riding and left it on the roadside for a withering creeper to spread itself on and survive Countless are the feeding-houses built and shade-giving trees planted by pious men to mitigate the hardships of wayfarers Mighty temples for the worship of God have been reared by the princes and people of this land All these are no doubt estimable acts in themselves, but Bharati considers it by far a greater act of charity to found centres of learning which cultivate the mind and infuse knowledge

There is a Tamil saying that arts and science are like the two eyes of a man And an oft-quoted *Kural* verse says that only those blessed with the light of learning are men, while others are akin to beasts Is it not true then that a house of learning that nourishes man's soul is greater by far than a house of feeding that merely maintains the flesh? If we realise, in the words of our Tamil bards, that 'God is the ambrosial fruit that only the learned can taste' and that 'He will not dwell in the hearts of the unlearned,' the founding of centres that foster learning has to be given pride of place and priority even over the building of temples Spreading education throughout the land is thus the best form of worship to the goddess of learning

SONG OF THE SPIRIT

That spiritual strength is mightier far than armed power had been realised by the Tamils ages ago Histories of religion narrate instances of high souls who with their innate spiritual strength withstood the attacks of powerful kings Saint Appar or Tirunavukkarasar, one of the three eminent Saiva saints who lived twelve centuries ago, demonstrated that even the terrible weapons of kings could be rendered innocuous by sheer strength of spirit His dauntless heroism inspired the poetic heart of Bharati, who echoes his words in a stirring song It is interesting to study the situation and parallelism between the two poets Tirunavukkarasar was not strong, either by way of personal physique or with the equipment of military weapons But he was a soldier of spiritual force which is far greater than mere physical strength or force of weapons When he gave up the Jaina religion and joined the Saiva faith, the Jaina king became enraged and sent soldiers with deadly weapons to fetch the saint But he was not frightened by the show of brute strength before him He expressed his reaction in a song beginning 'We owe allegiance to no earthly king, death we fear not'

Among the utterances of Bharati is a song breathing martial spirit It begins 'Even if we have to face an army bearing lances dipped in blood we fear not, we fear not, the thing

called fear we know not' It is interesting to compare these lines with the situation in which Appar had to face the violent army of the hostile king The saint's tribulations did not stop with mere show of force He was thrown into a hot lime-house where he remained for seven long days lost in the contemplation of the splendour of Godhead, he sang:

'The grace of the feet of God, my Father, recalls the faultless *Veena*, the rising moon, the blowing southern breeze, the maturing spring season and the cool pond humming with the murmur of bees'

Hardly had he emerged unscathed from the ordeal of fire, when the king ordered, as if to appease the hunger of the long-starving saint, that he be fed with rice mixed with poisoned milk Appar did not regard even these poisoners as his foes, but with delight partook of the poisoned food Seeing that Saint Tirunavukkarasar did not die even of poison, the king let loose on him the royal elephant which rushed on him like a moving hill But the fierce elephant failed to strike fear into him, he sang 'God's devotees fear nothing, fear will never come near them' The furious elephant suddenly became mild, went round the saint, bowed to him in reverence and left Bharati doubtless drew inspiration from these lines of Appar sung before the elephant The Pallava ruler who inflicted untold miseries on Tirunavukkarasar exemplified the type of tyrannical kings, who intoxicated by vanity of position and pride of power treat even great and noble souls with scant courtesy and subject them to vile abuse Bharati had them in mind when he sang

'Even when people in authority treat us with scant respect and shower insults on us, we fear not, we fear not, the thing called fear we know not'

—

Appar sang in another place 'To the devotee of God, it matters not, whether the skies shake, or the earth quakes.' This sentiment is repeated with clarity and force in Bharati's lines

'Even if the skies crash and fall on the top of our heads, we fear not, we fear not, the thing called fear we know not'

Another incident in the saint's life is recalled by Bharati in one of his songs In order to test the strength of his devotion, God Siva sent heavenly damsels to lure and distract Tirunavukkarasar from his devotional work in temples But nothing could lure away the saint from his chosen avocation Bharati had this in mind when he sang

'Even when the seductive glances of young damsels are directed at us, we fear not,we fear not, the thing called fear we know not'

It is thus clear that Saint Tirunavukkarasar's heroic life and his songs of spiritual bravery captured the imagination of Bharati and moved him to similar heights of heroism in his poetic compositions

PRAISE OF THE TAMIL MOTHER

The poet wishes to recall to the minds of his readers the glorious heights to which the language was raised in the past and the ignominious level to which it had been allowed to fall in the present With Tamil in the role of a mother, he presents her plaintive appeal to her childern With her head-ornament sliding down, her jewelled waist-belt loosening, her anklets sounding hollow and eyes brimming with tears, the Tamil mother presents a picture of desolation and sorrow as she addresses her childern in these words

'Oh, my children, dearer than life, I was born in this hallowed country by the grace of Lord Siva, I was nurtured by the fostering care of sage Agastya, well versed in the threefold arts of Poetry, Music and Drama, I prospered as the darling child of the great Tamil kings, I adorned myself with many jewels of poetry fashioned for me by master minds In my middle age, I had the misfortune to lose many of my good

jewels Alas, today, the contemptuous slights and the insulting innuendos which ignorant and empty-headed people hurl at me shock my ears and tear my heart They say that new arts and sciences are springing up and flourishing in the West and that these lay bare the mysteries of the physical world but that I cannot lay claim to possess them Only the western tongues can, according to them, flourish in the future and a slow death is the only prospect in store for me Know you not that ignorant folk are indulging in such talk? Have you not yourself heard such puerile words from the mouths of stupid people? How could you, my children, tolerate these insults and abuses heaped on me? Go forth into the world in all directions, bring down to this land the arts and sciences wherever available and adorn me with newer and newer ornaments With the help of divine grace and the efforts of the scholars and thinkers of today, the defeatist prognostications of these misguided men should be falsified, in order that I may live for ever with undimmed glory' Thus does the Tamil Mother convey her then prevailing sorrow and her hopes for the future

This song has a special significance It is a fact that the Tamil language cannot claim to possess at present adequate literature on the modern sciences which are expanding in the West The Tamil Mother realises this unpleasant fact She is amused no doubt at the ignorance of men who doubt her capacity to absorb and expound the arts and sciences of the West as she is fully conscious of her potential capacity, her suppleness and adaptability to meet all human needs and purposes Hence she dismisses the pessimistic view of men who are not competent to judge Nevertheless their ill-considered words penetrate like piercing darts into her heart and she launches into a plaintive call to her children to take immediate measures to remove the causes leading to such deprecatory talk

Next, Bharati expounds the duties of Tamilians who are

proficient in western languages They should undertake the task of translating into Tamil all the good scientific works published in other countries They must make an intensive search in old Tamil literature for words to express the new ideas and shades of thought and if they find them there—as often they are likely to do—they should bring them into use again and make them current If new words have to be coined, they should do so in conformity with the usage and genius of the Tamil language By translating from foreign languages and writing original works in Tamil itself, the treasures of Tamil could expand without intermission It is futile to talk amongst ourselves of the glories of the past without taking adequate constructive measures to keep the language abreast of modern needs Our language will not grow by boastfully recalling the glories of the 'ancient Sangam where Lord Siva himself sat with poets and scrutinised Tamil poetry' Those who really wish to serve the cause of Tamil should give up such smug and futile talk and awake to a sense of the shortcomings of the language for present-day requirements and work ceaselessly to remove them The Universities of the Tamil land should take on themselves the meritorious task of bringing the western sciences into the Tamil language and the State should lend its full support and assistance to this too long delayed venture

There are still people who, though they wish for the resuscitation of Tamil, almost despair of its realisation in fact But the Tamil mother herself, ever hopeful, infuses fresh courage and optimism into them with her reassuring declaration that, with the help of God's grace and the zealous efforts of scholars, she will resume her rightful and glorious status at no distant date In putting such words in the mouth of the Tamil Mother, Bharati wishes to convey a message of hope and cheer which is like a silver lining in the sable cloud

> "Long Live Sen-Tamil Long live the Tamils,
> Long may the Sacred land of Bharat prosper"

Association and Isolation at Tashkent

Krishnalal Shridharani[1]

The Indian writer, if there is such animal, found himself in a fascinating dilemma, or, to use a term more acceptable in the Communist world, in a contradiction at Tashkent At the Conference of Asian and African writers he found himself, on the one hand, in a strange and exciting and variegated and warm company or comradery, on the other hand, he found himself in splendid isolation or utter loneliness

First thing first the fact of association For the first time in history, some 200 writers from no fewer than 35 Asian and African countries were meeting to talk about their art and to form new friendships and collaborations The irony of recent history wherein geographic neighbours knew precious little about each other while they knew even the nuances of literatures overseas was being corrected at Tashkent A fraternity which should have emerged ages ago was finally finding a birth at Tashkent The Indian writer, therefore, was in a friendly and thrilling company He felt he was not alone

And yet he was alone The Indian writer felt isolated at Tashkent What is more, the Indian writer, as we know him, felt isolated even in the Indian delegation because half of its members were either ideologists or willing to look at poetry and drama and life through ideological eyes But it was the Indian writer who made his mark at Tashkent, and not the Indian Communist writer because the latter was indistinguishable from the solid and monotonous rest, it is, therefore, logical to talk about the loneliness of the Indian writer at Tashkent In fact it is the only thing worth discussing in a literary organ because the rest cannot bear anything above a journalist's report Moreover, it was the view of the Indian writer which prevailed and the delegation empower-

[1] Indian writer and journalist who participated in the recent conference at Tashkent of Asian and African writers as a member of the Indian delegation —*Ed*

ed Tarashankar Bannerjee, the leader, to place India's point of view before the conference In fairness it should be stated that it was the firmness of Tarashankar Bannerjee, which at times turned into his readiness to resign, that compelled the Conference to listen to India's lonely voice India spoke throughout the Conference through its magnificent minutes of dissent.

What was India's point of view? It was a simple one It simply said that a conference of writers should be a conference of writers and not of politicians or of willing or unwilling tools of politicians Starkly put, a Conference of Afro-Asian Writers should be somewhat different from a Conference of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee This thought, so self-evident to us, proved strange to others While Indian speakers continued to trace the roots of the Tashkent Conference to the Delhi Conference of Asian writers, Sharaf Rashidov, that charming and dignified pivot of the Conference, squarely traced its origin to the Cairo Conference of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee Indian spokesmen asserted that life is one and that politics cannot altogether be avoided in a discussion of literature, but it is a question of emphasis, of focus The phenomenon of colonialism can indeed come in while considering the freedom of the writer and the growth of an indigenous literature, but it would not be a writers' conference which mainly discussed colonialism and thought of writers and literature insofar as they have fought against colonialism and are capable of fighting against colonialism One after another papers were read which enumerated plays and playwrights, poems and poets who had fought against colonialism, and writers went back to their respective homes without a single new thought on artistic expression (It was natural because quite a few delegates knew more about politics than about literature) It is quite another matter that they departed with the glow of that proud and valid feeling that the writers of Asia and Africa had come together and that it is a good thing that they should continue to come together

And yet the whispers filled the magnificent corridors of the

Navoi Theatre where the Conference was meeting to the effect that the Indian delegation was anti-anti-colonialism. Tarashankar Bannerjee, the leader, asked me to formulate that part of his opening speech to the plenary session which would answer this charge and also proclaim India's plea that the literary focus of the Conference should be restored from the emerging political emphasis I, therefore, remember clearly his following sentences 'We have fought against colonialism and we will continue to fight against colonialism We go even further We are opposed to any form of domination of one country by another' The inspiring message of Radhakrishnan to the Conference, wherein he speaks of individual freedom, was quoted, and it was emphasized that threats to freedom come in many forms and from many quarters, and so the writer should be ever vigilant to be true to his conscience

This was our first minute of dissent But the rest of the members of the Conference had their point of view too, and quite valid from their angle We respected it, we tried to influence it but did not believe in forcing our views by a dramatic walk-out which would disrupt the Conference and harm a good idea Writers of a region getting together is a good idea but it is as good as the men who would work it and from that angle it was desirable that a stronger and more representative delegation of Indian writers should have gone to Tashkent instead of acting otherwise on the eve Stewing in our own juice leads to others stewing in their own juice, delectable recipe comes into being when several juices mix

India's two other minutes of dissent arose out of the same chasm between outlooks We were meeting in a country whose writers even fail to see any difference between art and propaganda, between the writer and the 'engineer of the soul,' on the ground that life is one Most of the delegates from most other countries had similar outlooks on life because of their connections with 'Peace Committees' and 'Solidarity Committees' It is also undeniable that the only common experience which binds most

of the countries of Asia and Africa is their taste of Western imperialism, and some of them have not yet won their independence and the maturity which is its result A number of delegates came to Tashkent not from the countries they represented at the Conference and in which they were born but from years of exiles in other countries or from Radio Moscow whose massive language programme employs many foreign nationals We understood that the Indians were among the very few delegates who bought their tickets to Tashkent—which fact, in the opinion of Tarashankar Bannerjee, was a great help Although the Mulk Raj Anand draft of the final statement was rejected, so was the extremely political draft of the French-African and other groups which spelled out the names of the 'aggressive' countries Some of us felt it was neither the time nor the place for the formation of a permanent bureau, for such a birth should take place at a less political moment and venue, but an overwhelming majority wanted it The offer of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee to have the bureau in Cairo at no expense to the Conference we described as distasteful and finally Colombo was selected But even after that it was felt that India could not join such a nine-country bureau to be set up at Colombo, and so we declined the invitation with thanks

But when all is said and done, at Tashkent started a wave which can be mastered by only those who ride it and not by those who run away from it It is a good idea for Asian and African writers to get together and assert themselves and assert their brotherhood Bigger writers attending such future conferences can better this good idea

Stories of Prabhat Kumar Mukherji*

Tarasankar Banerji

Before the emergence of Rabindranath Tagore as a writer of short stories, fictional literature of Bengal flowed along lofty heights like the heavenly stream of mythology Rabindranath's stories may be compared to the river Padma as it moves across the flat alluvial plains of Bengal, sharing the joys and sorrows of the rural folk It is perhaps of significance that not only his first story but the major portion of the *Galpaguchha* series of stories were written during the poet's Shelidah episode, by the banks of the Padma

Prabhat Kumar Mukherji entered the field of the short story nearly a decade after Rabindranath *Ghater Katha* (Tale of the River-Ghat), which is the earliest of the *Galpaguchha* series, appeared in 1884 while Prabhat Kumar's earliest stories compiled in *Nabakatha* (New Stories) were written during the period 1895-1899 Before his first story *Kurano Meye* (The Foundling Girl) made its appearance, Rabindranath had already written fifty-three out of the eighty-four stories which constitute the three volumes of *Galpaguccha* It can be said on the basis of this evidence of dates that Prabhat Kumar was perhaps the first of the successful followers in the trail blazed by Rabindranath Not that he imitated his older contemporary either in theme or style In fact, his success as a story-writer was due largely to his own individuality as a creative writer which, although it drew inspiration from Rabindranath, had its own way of looking at men and things Prabhat Kumar belonged to the Tagore circle without doubt, but he was no effete emulator of Tagore in his short stories

Rabindranath was primarily a poet even in his short stories

* A Selection of Prabhat Kumar Mukherji's short stories has been sponsored by the Sahitya Akademi for translation in all major Indian languages, with an introduction by the distinguished Bengali novelist, Tarasankar Banerji The present article is an English rendering by Kshitis Roy of Santiniketan of the original Bengali Introduction by Tarasankar Banerji—*Ed*

The story for him was a medium through which he could project reality as he imagined or understood it Prabhat Kumar, primarily a story-teller, was realistic in the sense that his stories drew upon the facts of experience For the Poet the story was more of a commentary on life and depiction of an idea Prabhat Kumar accepted life as he found it and his stories are, therefore, more of an unfoldment of plot and character

He was born on 3rd February 1873, in a village called Dhatrigram in the district of Burdwan, West Bengal The ancestral home of the family was in Gurup, a village in the Hooghley district His father Joygopal Mukherjee worked as Signaller under the East Indian Railway and had, in connection with his job, to move about from one place to another on transfer In this way the family had to stay for short or long periods in Jhajha, Dildarnagar and Jamalpore and several other places in Bihar The impressions and experience of his boyhood days as a railwayman's son, away from his native Bengal, provided Prabhat Kumar with plenty of material and local colour for many of his short stories

His schooldays were spent mostly in Jamalpore It was from the Jamalpore School that he passed his Entrance examination as a boy of fifteen in the year 1888 Thereafter he had his collegiate education in Patna, graduating in 1895 While yet a student he was married to a girl from Halisahar After six years of married life his wife died leaving two sons behind On graduation he successfully passed an examination and thereby secured appointment as a clerk under Government of India After serving for a period in Simla he came to be permanently stationed in the Calcutta Office of the Director General of Telegraphs

He did not, however, have long to drudge at his clerical desk A sudden stroke of good fortune brought him the opportunity of going to England Since his student days Prabhat Kumar

had been sending contributions to the monthly journal, "Bharati[1]" By 1895 he had come to be regarded as a regular contributor and as one whose name was treated with considerable respect. At that time Sarala Devi was editing the journal She had a high regard for Prabhat Kumar's literary abilities His transfer to the Telegraphs Directorate in Calcutta made an acquaintance possible between the two This ripened into friendship and mutual esteem It was arranged that Sarala Devi's uncle, Satyendranath Tagore[2], would provide Prabhat Kumar with the wherewithal to go to England to qualify for the Bar, the understanding being—so it is said—that Prabhat Kumar, now a widower, would marry Sarala Devi on his return home

Prabhat Kumar sailed for England in 1901 without taking into confidence any one in his own family His father had just passed away and his mother was beside herself in her bereavement Lest she raised any objection he did not divulge his plans to her He returned home to India after three years in England, duly qualified to practise as a barrister But not for him the bliss of marital life, the satisfaction of fulfilling a plighted troth His mother was violently opposed to the match Her resistance came as a shock and he had to give up all hopes of leading a normal family existence

After his return from England Prabhat Kumar spent some time in Darjeeling Realising that there was little chance of his establishing a flourishing practice at the Darjeeling Bar, he moved down to Rangpur where he practised for four years Thereafter he set up practice in Gaya and spent eight years there But law had little attraction for one who had tasted of the joy and sweetness of literature His mind was full of the memories of the days when literature had claimed his exclusive devotion Already his stories and novels (published in journals, 'Bharati,' 'Prabâsi,' 'Manasi' and 'Sahitya') had attracted considerable

[1] A famous literary journal founded and edited under the auspices of Tagore family

[2] Elder brother of Rabindranath Tagore

attention of the reading public Now with the publication of *Sorashi* (Sweet Sixteen), *Deshi O Bilati* (Native and Foreign), *Galpanjali* (Offering of Stories), *Nabin Sanyasi* (Young Ascetic) in book-form, his reputation as a writer of fiction was firmly established By the distinctive style of their language, crispness of description and freshness of subject matter these stories, vivid and original, made a great stir in the contemporary literary scene of Bengal Particularly striking were the stories of *Deshi O Bilati* with their exotic setting and novelty of treatment The reading public was dazzled by them as much as the literary critics With literary fame came income which gave him a measure of economic independence, whetting his desire all the more to devote himself entirely to the pursuit of literature Luckily for him the opportunity came in the way of fulfilling his hope

About this time the Maharaja of Natore, Jagadindranarayan Roy, started the monthly *Manasi O Marmabani* At the Maharaja's request Prabhat Kumar became its co-editor He was still practising at the Gaya Bar At first he used to come down to Calcutta every month about a week before each issue became due, to see it through the press Eventually the Maharaja made it possible for him permanently to settle in Calcutta During fourteen years of existence of *Manasi O Marmabani*, Prabhat Kumar functioned efficiently as its virtual editor-manager In addition, he remained till the end of his days a Lecturer at the Law College of the University of Calcutta—a post which was offered him at the instance of the Maharaja

Prabhat Kumar died on 5th April, 1932 Sparing of words, courteous, devoid of vanity, he was an extremely amiable man—friendliness and cordiality came natural to him Because of the many qualities of his head and heart, Prabhat Kumar left a permanent place in the affection of his friends His social orbit was, however, small and select, and not many had the opportunity to realise that he was as lovable a man as he was as a writer

There was a time when Prabhat Kumar made such a mark as a

writer of short stories and enjoyed such immense popularity that he was hailed as an equal of the best story-writers of France by no less a person than Jyotirindranath — Rabindranath's elder brother, himself a sensitive writer and a good French scholar While one may not rule out an element of exaggeration in such praise, one need have no hesitation in counting Prabhat Kumar as one of the world's best writers of short stories In his heyday he was acclaimed as the Maupassant of Bengal It may sound strange, nevertheless, it is true that Prabhat Kumar's affinities lay more with Maupassant than with Rabindranath. Tagore interpreted life, Prabhat Kumar (like Maupassant) unravelled it

Although he resembled Maupassant more than he did Rabindranath, there were important differences between the French and the Indian—particularly in the way they viewed life In fact, the contrast is so great that the two seem to be poles apart In Maupassant's view man is seen indulging the Primal Beast surreptitiously not only in the depths of his subconscious but also in the heart and centre of his day-to-day life Man's civilisation is seen as a facade and man himself as a victim of the relentless urge of the bestial in him At every critical turn in the drama of life, it is this primitive instinct of fear and greed that strides the stage in all kinds of make-up In thus depicting the beast in man as something irrevocable, Maupassant appears to denigrate humanity by subordinating it to animality

Prabhat Kumar's stories, on the other hand, read almost like a hymn of praise to the emotions and sentiments of mankind—sweetened by love and brightened by humour There is a large-hearted expansiveness in these stories, their appeal is as direct and natural as their style is crisp and clear Although he was not primarily a writer of wit and humour, there is a kind of glow and warmth about his stories which can best be compared with that indefinable element of charm which we find in some women, not necessarily beautiful Even his tragic stories are overlaid by this charm and this combination of the pathetic and the

humorous endows them with an extraordinary flavour

This was rendered possible because Prabhat Kumar was an adept in the art of looking at life without any predilection to 'isms', and with his vision unimpaired by perplexities His philosophy of life was not that of a non-conformist He saw life and found it good—so he accepted it thankfully and joyfully So long as there were things worth seeing, nothing could take away the joy of his watching them He delighted in the simple and the natural and made no attempt to evaluate life as a whole Rather than create new values he was inclined to reinstate traditional or established values Probably that is the reason why in his literary work he seldom disturbed the ideal equilibrium that should exist between conviction and conduct, the individual and the community, the vital and the ethical

As a literary artist Prabhat Kumar occupies a distinct place even among the best of Bengal In the dexterous use of the tools of a short-story writer—of language, characterisation, building up and developing a situation—he is without a second His manner of telling a story is as natural and spontaneous as is the unfoldment of the story itself

In the history and development of the Bengali fiction, Prabhat Kumar remains—like Rabindranath—a veritable source of inspiration Many a reputed short-story writer coming after him has emulated him in important ways Thus, like Rabindranath, he may be said to have set a standard and a tradition of impressive magnitude

Prabhat Kumar is undoubtedly one of the most successful writers of short story in Bengal It is also true that his stories successfully reflect the special character of the life and times of the Bengal of his days For his faith in values characteristically Indian, for the sweep and depth of his sympathy, for the equanimity of his comprehensive vision, his stories will have a wide and lasting appeal and will be read with pleasure and interest

all over the country

During thirty-eight years of his literary life, he published thirty books of collected stories and novels There are, besides, many of his writings scattered in periodicals of those days—not yet published in book-form In the thirteen books of collected short stories of his, so far available, there is a total of one hundred and twentyone stories—almost every one of them a reader's favourite At a time when the reading public of Bengal was under the magic spell of the genius of Rabindranath, to have won literary acclaim by writing about the simple joys and sorrows of the common folk of the contemporary times, was no small achievement

Given below is a chronological list of his collected short stories published in book-form (1) *Nabakatha* (New Stories), 1899 (2) *Soroshi* (Sweet Sixteen), 1906, (3) *Shahjada O Fakirkanyar Pranay Kahini* (Story of Love between the Prince and Mendicant's Daughter), *Katamunda* (The Severed Head), *Gul Begumer Ascharjya Galpa* (Strange Story of Gul Begum), 1909, (4) *Deshi O Bilati* (Native and Foreign), 1909, (5) *Galpanjali* (Offering of Stories), 1913, (6) *Galpabithi* (Bower of Stories), 1916, (7) *Patrapushpa* (Flowers and Foliage), 1917, (8) *Gahanar Baksho* (The Jewellery Box), 1921, (9) *Hatash Premik* (The Despairing Lover), 1924, (10) *Bilasini* (The Luxurious Lady), 1926, (11) *Jubaker Prem* (The Love of a Youngman), 1928, (12) *Nutan Bou* (The Newly-wedded Bride), 1929, (13) *Jamata Babaji* (The Son-in-law), 1931

Ten of his stories were translated into English by Miriam S Knight, in collaboration with the author, and published in 1912 by Chuckerverthy, Chatterji & Co, Calcutta, under the title, *Stories of Bengalee Life* One of them, Pratigya Pooran (The Fulfilment of a Vow), which originally appears in the author's *Deshi O Bilati* is reproduced in the following pages *Ed*

The Fulfilment of a Vow

Prabhat Kumar Mukherji

Bhabatosh was studying English at the College, it was true, but he did so, much against his inclination He had no belief in English education In his opinion the study of English had been the ruin of the country The Hindu sentiment was gradually disappearing, evil habits increasing and there was no means of reviving the happy days of old Such was the constant complaint of Bhabatosh His people obliged him to study English, else he would have preferred to attend a Sanskrit School at Navadwip or elsewhere Still even if he must study English, nonetheless was he able to pursue his own ideals in thought and in practice

Bhabatosh, living in a Calcutta hostel or 'mess-house' was pursuing his studies, when suddenly he awoke to the fact that the *Durga Puja* holidays were at hand So he bought new apparel for the home, packed his box and set out for his village, which was at no great distance from the city

The *Puja* was over, the day of full moon had come At dawn the mother of Bhabatosh, a widow, went to bathe in the Ganges The *ghat** lay a little distance from the village A number of women from the adjoining villages thronged its steps that morning The mother of Bhabatosh, as she came up from the stream, saw an old friend of her girlhood, the wife of Upendra Babu Greeting each other, the friends exchanged the usual enquiries, and then Upendra Babu's wife asked, "Is Bhabatosh at home?" "He came, but his holiday is over and he will be returning to Calcutta"

Upendra Babu had a pretty little daughter, thirteen years old, named Pulina She was unmarried Upendra Babu's wife said, "Sister, would it not be well if my Pulina and your Bhabatosh were to marry?"

* A bathing or landing place on the bank of a river

The widow answered, "That has been my wish also this long time, sister,—but my son does not wish to marry What can I do? How often have I tried to arrange a marriage for him and it has always fallen through "

"Well, try once more Your son is grown, and if he marries you will have much happiness Why won't he marry?"

"I will see If he agrees, the wedding can take place in February "

When the widow reached her home Bhabatosh was sitting in the room reading a newspaper His mother said, "Come to the inner apartments, I want to speak to you "

Laying aside the paper Bhabatosh very slowly followed his mother Taking him to her own room the mother said, "Son, I have arranged a marriage for you You are my eldest son I have long wished for a daughter-in-law Fulfil my desire "

As I have intimated, Bhabatosh was extremely averse to marriage —not though for the reasons an Englishman would have had Not because it was unsuitable to marry while still a student, or because his means were insufficient His objection was of another kind and based upon the *Shastras*[1] too He had heard (and even read in the newspapers) that the brides of the present generation no longer resemble the modest Hindu bride of former days, but are coquettes and fond of dress, that they do not worship their husbands as enjoined by the sacred writings, but are anxious to associate with them on terms of equality Yet how could the unlucky man oppose his widowed mother's entreaties? He did not desire to incur the sin of neglecting his mother's repeated requests So he had resolved that should she again urge the matter, he would consent, but he would be careful to select a bride according to his own ideal

That Bhabatosh had independent ideas on this subject was well known to his comrades in the hostel When the youths gathered

[1]The Hindu scriptures

nightly on the roof after their evening meal, this was a standing subject of discussion with them as they smoked their cigarettes of various sorts How often had Bhabatosh said "When I marry, if I do marry, I will take a dark ugly girl as my wife The nice-looking girls are all full of vanity They do not reverence their husbands' parents, nor do they look up to the husband himself Instead of being dutiful wives they are frivolous, besides that they are dressy and full of airs Considering themselves 'beauties,' they think of nothing but how to set off their charms They must have European soaps, scent, powder, Parsi *saris* and chemises, while the poor wretch of a husband must pay the bills Then, I will not marry an educated girl They only read novels (some even write them) and play cards, or spend the day writing love poems to their husbands The house work is neglected, they have no time for their devotions, the children are left screaming on the floor, etc, etc" After listening to talk of this kind, some of the lads would say, "Very good Bhabatosh Babu! When the time comes we shall see how you act Many talk in this way There is a great difference between speech and action" Inflamed by these doubts, Bhabatosh would reply, "Yes, you shall see gentlemen, you shall see With me speech and action are one"

So when his mother repeated her urgings, Bhabatosh, consenting, said, "Very well, mother, I will marry, but I wish to choose my bride"

The mother was delighted "You wish to see your bride before you take her? Very good There is a charming, beautiful girl I know of, just thirteen"

Startled, Bhabatosh said, "Is she so beautiful?"

"Very," the mother said "Her face is like that of the goddess *Durga*, the same nose, the same eyes, the same fine brows, with a complexion like a rose"

Bhabatosh said slowly and gravely, "I will not marry such a girl as that, mother"

"Why not?" exclaimed the mother in astonishment "What is the matter?"

"I will not marry a beautiful girl."
"Then, what sort of girl will you marry?"
"I will marry a dark ugly girl " Bhabatosh was firm as rock.
The mother was even more astonished "Foolish boy! Every one desires a pretty wife, and one is not so easily to be had," she observed
"Let them then I will make a different marriage " As he spoke his face became irradiated by self-glorification Was he one of the crowd? Should he, like all the rest, marry only from desire?

Seeing his mother a little dejected, Bhabatosh opened his mind to her He showed how impossible it was for a beautiful girl to become a model Hindu wife Finally, he said his resolve was firm, unshakable, immovable His mother troubled him no more that day The vacation ending, he returned to Calcutta

A few days later the wife of Upendra Banerji came in a palanquin to visit the mother of Bhabatosh After the first greetings the wife of Upendra Babu said, "Sister, was Bhabatosh agreeable?"
"He is ready to marry, but he has strange ideas in his head "
"What sort of ideas?"
"First, he said he must see the girl before consenting I said that would be very good I could procure his seeing a beautiful girl, in every way suitable Then he said he would not marry a beauty, but desired a dark ugly girl for a wife "
Upen Babu's wife was astonished "I never heard of a fancy so unnatural " she said "Why does he show such a strange humour?"
The mother then gave to her friend the reasons Bhabatosh had explained to herself After some reflection Upen Babu's wife said, "I will ask you to do one little thing, sister Write to Bhabatosh to come this Saturday Tell him you have found a girl that you think will suit and ask him to come and see her When he is here, send him to our house on Sunday afternoon I will arrange everything "
The mother consented, as she thought—"Upendra Babu's wife

fancies that if Bhabatosh only sees Pulina, he will be unable to resist marrying her—and that would be no marvel, for the girl is indeed lovely"

Bhabatosh came home on the Saturday The next afternoon he set out in a bullock carriage, his hair in glorious disorder (because the ancient Hindu sages did not dress their hair), for the village where the Banerjis lived

On arrival he heard that Upen Babu was away on business A young man received him courteously and took him to the reception room This youth was a nephew of Upendra Babu After a while a maid-servant informed them that they were to go to the inner apartments The maid, looking at Bhabatosh, smiled mischievously

The two young men went in, the visitor having the impression that all the servants were laughing secretly Bhabatosh was taken to a room very well arranged In the middle a seat had been placed before which stood silver trays containing sweetmeats and fruit A little further off, another seat had been placed Complying with the request of his young host, Bhabatosh sat down to partake of the refreshments At this moment there was a sound of the jingling of anklets outside, and a maid entered, bringing in a girl who, taking the other seat, gazed around her with looks full of curiosity

Bhabatosh ate of the fruit slowly, casting side-glances at the girl She wore a Bombay *sari* of a purple colour Her head was uncovered, her hair dressed with a liberal supply of oil The girl was blacker than ink, her small eyes sunk in their sockets glanced perpetually around, her forehead was high, the chin scarcely existed, her front teeth were much too prominent Bhabatosh thought, this girl would make him a pattern wife Clearing his throat and summoning up his courage he asked , "What is your name?"

The girl looking suddenly at the speaker and showing the tip of

her tongue, said, "What?"
"What is your name?"
"My name is Jagadamba" (a name as out of date as Griselda or Lavinia)
Thereupon the young host and the maid-servant cast angry looks at the girl, who immediately added, "My name is Pulina" (a name as modern as the other was ancient)
The youth said, "Formerly her name was Jagadamba, but now she is called Pulina"

Bhabatosh thought, "The change is not for the better Pulina! Jagadamba sounds far better, it is a *Puranic* name used by the ancient priests If I marry her, that name shall be reinstated" He then asked aloud, "Do you read?"
As before, the girl put out the tip of her tongue and said, "What?"
"Do you read?"
"I don't read at all My brother—"
The maid-servant and the youth again shooting angry glances at her, the girl desisted Bhabatosh was even more pleased This was just the very thing There was every chance of his making of her a real Hindu housemistress She was not much to look at, but then that exactly was his vow When the wedding was arranged he would invite his mess-mates to witness it Aloud he said, "Well, you can go now"
Again the girl said—"What?" displaying the end of her tongue
"You can go"

The maid-servant took her away Bhabatosh had finished his lunch At this moment a girl of thirteen brought spices in a silver dish She was a lovely child She wore a white country *sari* bordered black She had four anklets on her feet On her wrists she wore bracelets of gold Putting down the spices she went away As she went with averted looks she let a little smile escape her lips

Bhabatosh thought to himself, "There is a beautiful girl If I were to marry her, how should I be safe? My life-long ideals

would sink to the bottom of the sea" His mind was quite uplifted with self-glorification over the fulfilment of his vow

The youth took Bhabatosh to the outer apartments The maid-servant, laughing a little, said, "The ladies of the house are asking if you approve of the bride"

"I do", replied Bhabatosh with much dignity

On his way back home Bhabatosh reviewed the events of the afternoon His way led him through the village where numbers of girls were returning to their homes bearing pots filled with water He considered their faces rather carefully as they passed There were pretty ones among them and many plain faces, but not one of them was so ugly as Jagadamba

The carriage approached the fields, and now his mind was filled with pride in his victory over himself Yet he felt his chosen bride need not have been quite so ugly But since his choice was made, what was the use of such reflections? At this point he reached home His mother said, "Well do you approve of the maiden?"
"Yes mother, I do"
"Then shall I settle the matter?"
"Please"
'Shall it be early in February?"
"It may as well," and Bhabatosh betook himself elsewhere The mother observed that the youth's mind was somewhat heavy She imagined that though pleased at his choice, he was rather ashamed to have made it after so many vows that he would not marry a beauty

Bhabatosh took no supper that night, declaring that he had no appetite

The triumph in his mind over his self-conquest and the fulfilment of his vow began to abate As often as Jagadamba's face arose

before his mind, his heart grew cold within him He began to think that ugly as she was, it would not have been so bad had she shown some signs of intellect

On Monday early, Bhabatosh took train for Calcutta, his mother having remarked that there were only ten days to the wedding and that he must come home two days before the event

At the mess-house his comrades observed that his countenance was clouded He went to his own room and sat down One after another came to him with greeting and the question "What news have you for us?" Before setting out for his home Bhabatosh had told them all what was afoot

With an embarrassed laugh Bhabatosh answered, "The news is good" Then they questioned him as to the girl's appearance, her accomplishments, her age Suddenly one of them said "What is her name?" Bhabatosh gave it
At the sound of it something of a smile appeared on every face One only, losing control over himself, laughed out, "Ha! ha! ha! Jagadamba! he! he! he! A fine name that, isn't it?"
Sarat Babu said, "Why do you laugh Nripendra Babu?"
"I was not laughing, he! he! he! Why should I laugh? ha! ha!"
Rajani Babu said—"What is the matter with the name? It is a classical name In the present day you all select fancy names from the stage plays, Sarasibala Jyotirmayi, Tarulata, etc, etc"
Bhabatosh shook his head gravely at these words His former enthusiasm on these points was now much lessened

There were but nine days left to the wedding He knows how they passed with him His comrades also knew something of it The more Bhabatosh thought of Jagadamba, the more his heart was oppressed He attended College but took in nothing of the lectures He had been distinguished in the mess-house for his appetite, but now half his meal was left upon his plate He joined with none in merry converse, he was always absent-minded The comrades began to chaff him, saying, "Bhabatosh

Babu, you show every sign of having been smitten by the shaft of Cupid "

Lying on his couch at night, Bhabatosh could scarcely sleep, he could only toss from side to side When at length sleep came, it was filled with terrible dreams In one dream he saw Jagadamba wearing the hideous face of the idol Kali The little that he could see of her tongue now seemed to be fully protruding It seemed as if she had grown an extra pair of arms In one hand she held a blood-smeared sword, in the other a severed head, which seemed to be that of Bhabatosh himself In another dream he seemed to have lost himself in a thorny jungle As he was anxiously seeking a path out of it, a she-buffalo came up and tried to rush at him The brute was wearing a Bombay *sari* of the purple colour Her face was that of Jagadamba, only that she had two horns

When there were but three days to the wedding, Bhabatosh thought he would write to his mother and stop the marriage That day he did not go to College He sat alone all day in his room writing and tearing up letter after letter What would his comrades say when they should hear the marriage was broken off? How would he be able to endure their jeers and their banter?

That night as he lay on his bed, he resolved that without a word to any one he would go off to the Western Provinces He got up, lit his lamp, and turned over the leaves of the time table But at dawn his mood again changed What? Should he after making all this fuss incur the name of a coward? That should never be He would fulfil his vow, whatever may his lot be afterwards

At the appointed time he went home and in due course entered the wedding booth The assembly, the lights, the noise raised his spirits after the previous ten days In the hour of battle, even the most timid soldier loses his fears

The wedding began, but his heart was callous, neither fear nor anxiety, hope nor despair possessed him

Gradually the time came for uplifting of the bride's veil To ensure good fortune, a cloth was thrown over the heads of groom and bride On glancing at the bride's face, Bhabatosh was filled with astonishment She was not the ogress of the last ten days She was not the hideous Jagadamba of his dream, but the lovely maiden who had served him with spices in a silver dish

On the night of the 'Flower Decoration' Bhabatosh strove to make his newly-wedded wife converse For a little while he was without success Then Bhabatosh had recourse to a stratagem He thought, perhaps if she heard her own people found fault with, she might defend them So he said, "Why did your mother play me this trick?"
"Had you not said that because I was good-looking, you would not marry me? It served you right"
Hitherto Bhabatosh had been unable to solve this problem He now said, "What girl was it that I saw?"
"She was the daughter of the village oilman It served you right"

And there even came a day when, before the post was quite due, Bhabatosh would be standing in the street at the door of the 'mess-house' to take his letters from the postman

'Chhaman Athaguntha'

Kalindicharan Panigrahi

The second half of the nineteenth century witnessed an upsurge of literary activity in almost all Indian languages, due mainly to the impact of Western learning and the rise of a new material consciousness The Sanskrit forms and technique which had dominated the medieval poetry began to give way to new experiments inspired by study of English literature The approach of literature to life came to be more direct and realistic than before The introduction of the printing press was responsible for revolutionising the book-market Prose, and in particular fiction, became more predominant than poetry

Fakirmohan Senapati is regarded as the father of Oriya prose and fiction that came in the wake of the new era He was born in January 1843 and was fourteen years of age when the first Indian struggle for Independence broke out in 1857 His prose contribution chiefly consists of four novels, a collection of short stories and a unique autobiography full of the adventures and tricks of an administrative officer who had successfully dealt with a rebellion of aboriginal tribes

Chhaman Athaguntha is Fakirmohan's masterpiece He wrote the novel at the ripe old age of fifty-five and died twenty years later With a meagre English education he had worked in the administrative service in different parts of Orissa and had acquired a first-hand knowledge of the people's conditions *Chhaman Athaguntha* is the fruit of his assimilation of this rich and varied experience

The conception of the story, its language and characters are deeply rooted in the native soil Shaikh Dildar was a big landholder of Midnapur who had a landed estate in Orissa Ramchandra Mangaraj belonged to that estate and served as its manager While he was most exacting in the collection of revenue, he pocketed most of it, deceiving his master, Dildar,

that due to the failure of crops the tenants were unable to pay. Dildar never bothered to verify his manager's statement, for he was a drunkard and was content to remain tipsy, borrowing money from Ramchandra Mangaraj, his manager, not knowing that the money was actually the revenue of his own estate Thus the treacherous Mangaraj continued to fatten on his master's folly Finally he managed to obtain Dildar's signature on a loan bond for thirty thousand rupees when the latter was under the influence of liquor The inevitable end came when the entire landed estate of Dildar Mian was sold by court auction and was purchased by Ramchandra Mangaraj who thus became the powerful proprietor of a big estate

There lived in the same village of Govindpur a weaver couple, Bhagia and his wife Saria, who happened to possess a few acres of the best crop-yielding land (Hence the title of the book, *Chhaman Athagunta*, which literally means six acres and eight decimals) The greedy eyes of Ramchandra Mangaraj fell upon this little bit of rich land and he determined to seize it Knowing that Bhagia and Saria had no issue to inherit their property, the wily Mangaraj took advantage of their weakness and entered into a conspiracy with the priest of the village Goddess and deputed Champa, a disreputable woman and accomplice of his, to Bhagia and Saria

Champa had no difficulty in convincing the foolish weaver couple that the Goddess had expressed her wish through the priest to grant them a son provided they made the necessary puja offerings They readily agreed to the proposal A large pit was secretly dug just below the seat of the deity, where one of Mangaraj's accomplices was hid After the puja when Bhagia and Saria prayed for the boon, the man inside the hole cried out, 'Build me a shrine and you shall have enough money and gold and also three sons I shall kill Bhagia in case my command is disobeyed

Bhagia approached Mangaraj, as advised by Champa, for a loan for the construction of the temple, mortgaging their only

piece of land which eventually passed into the hands of Mangaraj Their only cow was also grabbed by Mangaraj as interest on the loan advanced Reduced to utter poverty and despair, poor Bhagia went mad and was put into jail His unfortunate wife lingered on in abject poverty, receiving alms from the saintly wife of Mangaraj, until she died of unhappiness and despair Mangaraj did not enjoy his ill-gotten gains for long, for the village chowkidar informed the police that Mangaraj himself had beaten Bhagia's wife to death Mangaraj was arrested, but for lack of evidence he was sentenced to six months' rigorous imprisonment only on the charge of stealing Bhagia's cow

Several inmates in the jail bore a grudge against Mangaraj who had been responsible for their misfortunes Now that he was one of them, they missed no opportunity of abusing and beating him Champa, his former accomplice, and Govinda, his personal servant, ran away with all the money and gold left in his house The two had a quarrel on the way about the division of the spoils as a result of which Govinda killed Champa while she was sleeping and later drowned himself in a river for fear of being arrested

Inside the jail the life of Mangaraj became very pitiful, beaten every now and then by the convicts, his nose bitten by the mad Bhagia He was nearly dying when he was released from the jail He found his house empty and deserted Penitent on his death-bed he dreamt of his pious wife who had died long ago through negligence In her memory he sought solace and peace as he breathed his last

A tragic theme handled in a light and humorous vein and written in simple and colloquial language—such is *Chhaman Athaguntha*, a powerful satire on life and society It is a serious study in the garb of fiction written in a manner which makes it difficult to separate the seriousness from the smiles and jests of life It is a tribute to its vitality that the problems dealt with are still there in some form or other in the modern set up of our

society If it be possible to draw up a map of Oriya life in all its actuality, not a single character of *Chhaman Athaguntha* could be dropped off or replaced

Villains like Mangaraj, Champa and Govinda meet the same miserable fate as the innocent, the pious and the good—the wife of Mangaraj, Bhagia and Saria The bitter repentance and self-condemnation of Mangaraj before his death is an indication of the author's faith that a change of heart is possible even in a hardened murderer Each incident and every character is real and true to life and humour and satire enliven the grim tragedy

The flawless characterisation, the picture of life drawn from reality and the author's inimitable style have made *Chhaman Athaguntha* a masterpiece The significance of the story and the problems dealt with might lose their importance with the passage of time, but the basic facts of human nature and the basic values will be always there and the book will never lose its classic quality as a masterpiece of Oriya literature

On Translating Ghalib*

A A A Fyzee

The ghost of Fitzgerald bedevils every oriental translator One cannot help a mental comparison with that nimble spirit who conveyed the spirit of the original and turned the message of silver into words of gold Arthur Waley has done the same, in larger measure, for Chinese poetry But to judge every effort at rendering the poetry of one oriental language into a modern Western tongue by the performances of poets of genius is not a correct criterion and Professor Kaul is to be congratulated, not only for his competent interpretations, but also for his bravery, the French *valeur*, for having attempted the task I believe I am somewhat bigoted in the matter of poetry I have two pet dogmas which it is difficult for me to get rid of That poetry cannot be rendered except by a poet, and that the more you love the original, the less can you judge the rendering I love Ghalib so much that it is extremely difficult for me to put on the robes of a judge

Ghalib typifies the period of the decadence of the Mughal empire Newer values were coming into an ancient land, much that was new was good, but the elders clung to a bygone world and even in the mid-nineteenth century Ghalib was an anachronism He expresses himself in his letters and his poetry, and his own words apply to him perfectly

> a minstrel
> whose every breath is flame,
> whose notes will strike upon my heart
> like thunderbolts from Heav'n (p 40, 74)

Ghalib was not a great poet in the sense in which we speak of

*This short article was written at the Editor's request as a review of *Interpretations of Ghalib*, by J L Kaul, pp 108 Atma Ram & Sons, Delhi, 1957 Rs 5/-.

Homer or Firdausi or Dante or Rumi or Shakespeare or Goethe. It would be wrong to make a claim of such exaggeration But while he had no particular philosophy, philosophy in the technical sense of the term, he had a good vision of life, he was a master of persianized Urdu, and in the expression of everyday thoughts in terse and musical language, he has no equal in the language The translator has described him correctly when he says, 'A keen lover of life and its good things and yet eking out almost a precarious existence, a gifted poet not adequately appreciated at the Court where lesser men and less talented poets enjoyed the patronage that should have been his, a proud spirit, legitimately proud of his lineal descent at a time when noble birth still mattered, often enough suffering humiliation and once imprisoned for three months on what appears to be a spurious charge of gambling, a truly emancipated man, untroubled by narrow allegiances of faith and fanaticism, endowed with a passionate apprehension of the unity of existence yet deeply questioning the very fundamentals of faith and dogma—God and life and death—Ghalib has enshrined in his verse the conflict and uncertainty of the time, in spirit though not in real events' (p 6), and 'His style has not the air of artlessness, he does not sing but as the linnets sing A quality of folk melody is not his, nor its naiveté, nor can the full value of his verses be derived from a recitative reading of them Even the simplest of his verses written, that is to say, in a direct and least Persianized style, are not simple in their appeal and cannot be taken at their face value, for in them also one discovers his curious cast of thought' (p 16)

The introduction which the translator has prefixed shows him to be a proficient master of the English language Without being brilliant, it is correct, competent and lucid The learned translator has compared Ghalib to a number of English poets, but has not given us a clear indication of his place in the history of Urdu literature Abercrombie and Crashaw, Donne and Hardy and Herrick may be all right in their own way for purposes of comparison, but one misses a critical appraisal of the historical evolution of Urdu verse

The quality of his renderings, however, is good, and particularly in some of the shorter pieces, where an epigrammatic style is suitable, his touch is golden For instance,

> Of Heav'n I know the truth It is
> Devised to play a part
> A clever tempting subterfuge
> To cheat and please the heart (p 25, 18)

or

> I seek to find a minstrel
> whose every breath is flame,
> whose notes will strike upon my heart
> like thunderbolts from Heav'n (p 40, 74)

or

> That she should visit me in my own home,
> My God! do I believe my eyes?
> I gaze and gaze and then—look round,
> Is it my Love? Is this my home? (p 55, 130)

The longer poems are also very revealing, and particularly felicitous is the rendering of the threnody on his son, Arif (pp 70-71) The refrain 'a few days more' haunts the imagination as we read on and on

A few criticisms are necessary The transliteration is extremely unsatisfactory 'Nasarullah' should be 'Nasrullah' (p 5) Read 'Muazz*a*m' and not 'Muazzim' (*ibid*) Throughout the translator spells 'Dag' for 'Dagh' If 'Dag', then why not 'Galib'? 'Saqi' is spelt as 'Saki' (p 12), reminding one of a provincial incapacity for pronouncing the consonant *qaf* And finally, K'ábá, for Ka'ba (p 89) There is no long syllable in the word Ka'ba

Having performed the duties of a carping critic I must end by

agreeing with Mawlana Azad, in his Foreword, that this is a brave effort at the interpretation of Ghalib and worthy of commendation and emulation. The printing is excellent and in a cursory perusal I have only found three misprints, 'Persi*o*nized' for 'Persi*a*nized' (p 16), 'S*a*ul' for 'S*o*ul' (p 65, line 7) and 'Pleiads' for 'Pleiad*e*s' (p 92, line 12) The publisher's note prefixed at the beginning is not clear, and a more precise indication is necessary how the translation is related to the original For instance, beginning on page 18, one has to read something like 20 lines before one realizes that it is the last four lines which render the first verse of the famous *ghazal*, and it would be an advantage if a well-known modern edition like the one published recently by Malik Ram (Azad Kitab-ghhar, Delhi, 1957 359 pp , Rs 5 50) is used for the purposes of reference We hope that these points will be borne in mind when a second edition is called for

A Review of Current Indian Writing

Assamese Literature

Annual output of literature, like annual agricultural crop, is uncertain In some years we reap a rich harvest, in others the granary is nearly empty It is, however, to be remembered that publications in certain years are written before hand, sometimes long before they go to print Literature, if it is really of some value, cannot be the product of a day, it is the outcome of prolonged thought and experience There are no doubt exceptions, but they are very few Every literary epoch has certain tendencies and conscious or unconscious movements These are determined by multiple historical forces A living and growing literature receives influences and keeps windows open Assamese literature is a growing baby and is being fed by literary diet from far and near

In form and content modern Assamese literature is westernised insofar as it is modelled on western literary forms, bearing the unmistakable stamp of western thought The novel, the drama, the short story and the essays as practised by our writers today are all of western descent and they have settled down in our land as familiar citizens I have to confine myself to the outstanding publications of the last year, but these share the same characteristics as those of recent years

Novel is the most popular of modern literary forms and is widely read One eminent critic characterised the rise of the eighteenth century English novel as a 'severe emanation of the middle class' Through the novel the voice of the middle class, specially of the lower middle class with multifarious problems, social and economic, finds powerful expression The novels produced in the early part of this century in Assam were mostly romantic and historical of the Scott-Bankim species It is only recently that social and economic problems have begun to draw the attention of the novelists *Matikar* (Who owns the land) by Hites Deka

deals with the agrarian problem, a world problem The hero of the novel stands for the cultivators who claim the ownership of the land *Bharaghar* (Rented house) by the same writer describes a love story growing around the vexing problem of houses in towns Rural reconstruction is the subject matter of *Anutapta* (Repentant) by Khargeswar Kalita who builds a love story around the subject *Vidhava* (The Widow) presents the problem of the lot of Hindu widows All these attempts indicate the tendency of the novel, but none of these seem to fulfil the demands of art *Vidrohi Nagar Hatat* (In the hands of the rebel Nagas) by Kailas Sarma is an episode narrating the experiences of a compounder who was taken captive by the rebel Nagas, but who subsequently escaped The attempt is abortive, inasmuch as it gives neither a portrait physical or social of the Naga land nor of their relationship with the Assamese people, their neighbours *Vyrthalagan* by Arun Das is a novel showing impact of the last world war *Rathar-Chakari Ghure* (The chariot wheel turns) and *Banjui* (Wild Fire) by Abdul Malik who has already made some mark as a writer of fiction and *Manar Dapon* (The Mirror of Mind) by Padma Barkakati, a new comer with some promise, are some of the novels that deserve mention But the work which carries some weight is *Bamarali* (The Whirl Wind) by Radhika Mohan Goswami who has already established himself as a writer of short stories as well as of novels It portrays the traditional clash between the new and alien ways of life and time-honoured traditions of Assamese domestic life and the consequent dissolution of the latter

In the short story also, there have been attempts in the same line as in the novel Although there has been no remarkable performance, the output on the whole, is encouraging *Dristirupa* by Lakshminandan Bora is a collection of stories depicting some aspects of rural life The writer shows sympathy for and understanding of the common people The language used is the very language of the villager in upper Assam Valley and the stories depict the various aspects

of the domestic and social life of the rural folk Hemen Borgohain, another writer of short stories who has brought out a collection, *Prem-Aru-Mrityur-Karane* (For Love and Death) is preoccupied with Freudian ideas that overemphasise the sex-instinct In short stories also, as in other branches of literature, our writers are trying to keep abreast of the times. 'Ramdhenu,' a monthly journal edited by Birendra Bhattacharyya, himself a writer of short stories, publishes works of the novices in the craft and may be called the meeting place of short story writers of today, including Sneha Devi, a lady writer of some power

Contribution to dramatic literature in the year is rather lean As there is no professional theatre, dramatic productions are very few and the amateur parties are staging old plays During the last few years a few social dramas have been published, but nothing remarkable has been done in this respect In the year under review, Abdul Malik has tried his hand at drama also and the result is *Rajdrohi* (The Rebel), a theme from Assam history, that has been treated by other writers before him *Jyotirekha* (Streak of Light) by Satya Prasad Barua is another successful drama of which the plot is drawn from 1942 revolution Topical problems are found to be presented in a few dramas but in the majority of cases, mythology still holds the field One-act plays are very rare, but a few of them have been presented by A I R There is a great possibility for social plays in Assamese and talents diverted this way may yield good results, provided problem and art are fused into an artistic whole

In the year under review two elderly writers have published poems in their own characteristic manner In *Jugadevata*, Padmasri Nalinibala Debi has given expression to spiritualised patriotic themes Great saints and prophets of ancient and modern India are invoked as ideals of the country at this hour In his *Vando-Ki-Chandere* (With what verse shall I praise thee) Ambikagiri Raichowdhury, well-known poet and

patriot, has published a collection of songs composed during the last forty years They have been printed under one cover for the first time These patriotic lyrics have been and shall be a source of inspiration to our people *Eti Duti Egharati Tara* (Not one, not two but eleven stars) by Nabakanta Barua, a practitioner in the modern mode of verse, has received appreciation in a limited circle Some of his lines have a genuine poetic ring and seem now and then to touch the fringe of the muse Tafazal Ali has published a small collection of songs and lyrics with the title *Manda-Kranta* which is itself an indicator of the author's outlook and temperament

Children's literature is a weak point in Assamese literature Some books are published for children, but most of them are really suitable for elderly persons The subject matter and treatment are both abstract and heavy and writers do not seem to have knowledge of juvenile mind and taste *Mauchak* (Beehive) by Jatindranath Goswami is a collection of stories translated from foreign literature *Sonali-Pera* (Golden Chest) is a collection of folk tales from different countries of the world *Olot-Palat* (Topsy-turvy) is another collection of stories palatable to young minds It is to be regretted that there is no children's journal in Assamese that can be placed before them who can really enjoy it There is only the journal 'Dipak' which does not fulfil the requirements of a publication of the right kind

Translation from world's well-known authors is a necessity for all growing literature Even the richest literature translates into its own what is found best elsewhere Literature has no geographical boundary and what is true and beautiful is also universal, for human nature is everywhere alike Even some of the best works in English have not yet been translated into Assamese During the year, however, a few works have been rendered into the language, *viz*, *Silas Marner* by Muktinath Bordalai, *Three Musketeers* by Harunar Rasheed, *Virgin Soil* by Biren Barkakati, *Galpa Malika* (A few short

stories from different lands) by Nirmaleswar Sarma Literary interest among our writers is widening and a genuine desire to know the world through the literature of different lands is an encouraging sign

The output of religious and philosophical literature in the period is not negligible Radhanath Phookan who has already published learned treatises on the *Gita,* Sankhya and Vedanta Philosophy, has this year published *Janmantar Rahasya* (Mystery beyond this life) It is fitting that felicitations were offered to him in a gathering of representative scholars from all parts of the State in July last

A portion of the *Holy Koran* has been translated by Md Tayebulla (M P) who has tried to show that in essentials Islam does not differ from other religions This is calculated to foster a spirit of sympathy and understanding of other faiths *Hindur Dristit Jibanor Lakhya* (A Hindu's ideal of life) by Gaurikanta Talukdar and *Tirthankar Mahabir* by Mahadev Sarma are two other books that may merit naming in this connection

Among miscellaneous publications may be mentioned *Narir Mukti* (Emancipation of Women) by Nilima Dutta who discusses some of the problems connected with education and status of women in our society *Satavan Sal* (The year fifty-seven) by Benudhar Sarma, well-known and popular writer on Assamese historical themes, is an attractive presentation of the reactions in Assam of the First movement for Indian Independence in 1857 *Sanmihali* (Assorted) by Hem Barua is a collection of stray thoughts on various topics *Prajapatir Nirbandha* (The Law of Hymen) by Atul Chandra Barua is a collection of essays on marriage and sex, a subject which writers try to avoid as a taboo *Adda* (Gossip) by Tilock Hazarika is a collection of essays in lighter vein *Assamiya Bhasha aru Sanskriti* (Assamese Language and Culture) by Birinchi Kumar Barua is a collection of informative essays on some topics on

different aspects of Assamese life and language *Sahityar Ruprekha* (An Outline of Literature) by Atul Chandra Barua is an introduction to the study of literature in its different branches and a helpful guide to general readers of literature Essays, informative and discursive, are very limited in number, but the journals, now and then publish entertaining light compositions The fact remains that the true essay has not come to its own

'Asom Sahitya Sabha Patrika' (Journal of the Assamese Literary Society), a quarterly journal, and 'Ramdhenu,' a monthly, are the two literary journals that have been regularly published The first publishes academic discussions on different aspects of Assamese language and literature 'Ramdhenu' provides an outlet for the rising batch of writers, especially of the short stories of the modern realistic school and of poetry of the new brand Two other journals, 'Avahan' and 'Samaj,' deserve mention in this connection

The most important event in Assamesese literary world is the annual session of the Asom Sahitya Sabha (Assamese Literary Society) held at Tinsukia under the presidentship of Padmadhar Chaliha It was emphatically demanded in this Session that Assamese should be declared as the State language and Assamese must get its legitimate place in the N E F A

Gauhati University under the guidance of the present vice-Chancellor, a prominent litterateur of Assam, has undertaken to get the *Mahabharata* translated into Assamese and an expert body, consisting of eminent scholars of the State, has been formed for the purpose The University authorities have also established a Publications Division for publication of literary works of writers who cannot afford to publish their works All this is calculated to encourage writers in their literary efforts

The State Government at the initiative of the present Minister of Education contemplates publication of books in Assamese,

both original and translation, by awarding prizes to deserving writers and to bring good books within easy reach of people of small means This will surely help the spread of good literature among the people at large and serve the cause of true education in this part of India State machinery in the matter of art is not always looked upon with favour, but if it runs well, it can do considerable good

The middle ages have left Assam a rich heritage of literature, both verse and prose We have lyrics, dramas and narratives in poetry In prose we have faithful translations of the *Gita* and the *Bhagavata* as also secular chronicles (Buranjis) describing real events These are achievements to be proud of Modern literature is trying to catch the latest fads and fashions, but for various reasons the items that can be presented to the world are rather limited The intellectual renaissance is still partial The nation does not seem to enjoy the fullness of life which finds its authentic expression in literature Deep experience, both intellectual and spiritual, can fertilise the soil for growth of great and permanent literature

For detachment we need a distance We are too near our modern literature, not to speak of the output of the year that is just over Some writers having elements of greatness may escape the notice of a reviewer and a potboiler of a day may loom large in his eyes It is difficult to assess the real value of contemporary writers The real gold will not wear away but the dross will melt The genuine work defies classification and labelling But a stocktaking, any way, is helpful and interesting

Jayneswar Sarma

BENGALI LITERATURE

The decade since Independence has been, in the main, one of explorations and expansions in Bengali literature It looks as if the general mood is for taking a new account of ourselves, of our past achievements, present situation and future potentialities As a result, the bulk of the writing has become educative and informative in nature, and in this, the writers generally address themselves to the task of meeting their patrons' demand This does not at all mean that the creative mind has remained dormant all this while But non-imaginative writing is assuming an importance today that is unprecedented Naturally, all the books are not scholarly volumes intended for the select few Books are being written, for example, on our social, cultural and political history, on the history of science, on family planning, democracy, *bauls* of old Bengal, ideals of education, various aspects of our nineteenth century literature and on so many other topics There is a craze for anything documented or based on historical data or on personal experience Even some of our fiction writers have been drawing materials from history

In non-imaginative, serious writing, *Chinmoy Banga* (The Spirit of Bengal, a collection of essays by Pandit Kshitimohan Sen Sastri, is a socio-cultural study of the Bengali people and dwells on the inter-relation between Bengal and the rest of India Benoy Ghosh has completed the second volume of his ambitious *Vidyasagar O Bangali Samaj* (Vidyasagar and Contemporary Bengal) where the aim of the author is to analyse the significant personality and achievement of Vidyasagar, one of our great moderns, by placing him against the background of the social movements of his time *Banglar Nabya Samskriti* (Culture of Renascent Bengal) by Jogeshchandra Bagal gives a short account of the numerous literary and cultural associations that were formed with the nineteenth century Renaissance Upendranath Bhattacharya's *Banglar Baul* (Bauls of Bengal) is a laborious and bulky compilation of popular mystic songs composed by gifted singers of a religious sect of Bengal, now almost extinct

Niranjan Chakravarty's *Unabimsha Shatabdir Kaviwalla O Bangla Sahitya* (The Kaviwallas of 19th Century and Bengali Literature) traces the history and considers the contribution of our professional *Kaviwallas* who flourished during the unsettled period between the decline of the Mughal power and the rise of the British Rabindranath in his time could not assign for them any importance in the history of our poetry The writer is, however, of a different opinion, and indeed claims for them the honour of the precursors of the moderns

Devnarayan Bose has brought out a bibliography of Bengali drama now that a full century has passed since our first essay in dramatic composition had actually been staged in Calcutta Several other books of discursive writing are worthy of note As for example *Baktabya* (Themes) by Durjatiprasad Mukhopadhyaya, *Samakalin Sahitya* (Contemporary Literature) by Narayan Chaudhury, *Sahitya O Samskriti* (Literature and Cultural Values) by Bimalchandra Sinha, *Sahitya Pather Bhumika* (Introduction to the Study of Literature) by Subodhchandra Sen Gupta, *Rigveder Devata O Manush* (Gods and Men in Rigveda) by Maitreyee Devi, *Shiksha O Shiksharthi* (The Teacher and the Student) by Humayun Kabir, *Bangla Galpa Vichitra* (The Variety of Bengali Short Stories) by Narayan Gangopadhyaya, and *Kavitar Vichitra Katha* (The Variety of Poetry) by Haraprasad Mitra Two most useful dictionaries have been published recently *Paribhasha Kosha* (A Dictionary of Terminology) by Suprakesh Roy and *Pauranik Abhidhana* (Classical and Mythological Dictionary) compiled by Sudhirchandra Sarkar *Jeevanee Kosha* by Sashibhushan Vidyalankar, now out of print, was the only other dictionary of this kind *Adhunik Bangla Kavya Parichaya* (Introduction to Modernist Bengali Poetry) by Deepti Tripathee is the first comprehensive study of modernist poetry of Bengal made by a critic who is not also a poet With the approach of Rabindranath's birth centenary in 1961 miscellaneous books on him are coming out *Sonnet-er Aloke Madhusudan O Rabindranath* (Madhusudan and Rabindranath as sonneteers) by Jagadish Bhattacharya, *Rabindra Natya-Sahityer*

Bhumika (Introduction to Bengali Drama) by Sadhan Kumar Bhattacharya and *Rabindra Shikshadarshan* (Rabindranath's Principles of Education) by Bhujangadhar Bhattacharya are among the recent additions Also five important essays on Rabindranath have been included in Sudhindranath Datta's new collection of essays in literary criticism, *Kulai O Kalpurush* (The Abode and the Orion)

In fiction, historical background has made a significant come-back Tarasankar Bandyopadhyaya's new novel is called *Radha*, the characters and incidents are from 18th century Birbhum, his home district, and the theme is Bengal's Vaishnava cult. *Nati* by a young woman novelist Mahasweta Bhattacharya tells of the heroism, spirit of adventure and romance at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny Prafulla Roy's *Purva Parvati* weaves a story round the Nagas, people from our eastern frontier The horizon is thus widening, while near at home unexpected and neglected corners of life are being explored by the younger writers Samaresh Bose in his *Ganga*, for example, gives a glimpse of the life lived by fishermen on the Ganges Ability to reflect the great social changes that have occurred during the past decades and to distil the new and varied patterns of character may be seen in the novels by Premendra Mitra, Narendranath Mitra, Santoshkumar Ghosh, Jyotirindra Nandi, Ashim Roy, Ashish Barman, and Manoj Bose Both Leela Mazumdar (*Chine Lanthan*) and Protiva Bose (*Madhya Rater Tara* and *Megher Pare Megh*) are excellent stylists in Bengali fiction writing Leela Mazumdar who began late in writing novels is inimitable in her stories for the children Protiva Bose with her sad and sweet stories of ardent love and romance has earned for herself a wide repute in recent years Annadasankar Ray's *Ratna O Sreemati* is an ambitious novel The writer took about twenty years for the preparation and expects it to be completed in four volumes The theme is the Problem of Love

The merit of our short stories is great—in style, in rich diversity of manner, in power and finish Our achievement in this field

is superior than in fiction But a mere mention of the more interesting volumes and their writers would occupy a space that this short review cannot afford to give For quite different reasons, however, drama is silently passed by Interest in stage performances has been revived by the activities of fine amateur groups like *Bahuroopee* and others, but really talented writers are yet to be attracted to the writing of good dramas

The desire of the writer to instruct and inform the less fortunate readers can be noticed in the vogue of travel writing Foreign tours, mainly conducted, are made for their education value, and the reactions are those of youthful wonder and delight In this the travel writers hardly differ from the great religious and social reformer of nineteenth century, preacher and founder of Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, Sibnath Sastri, whose *England-er Diary*, written in 1888, has been recently resurrected from his papers and published His purpose, he writes, was, beside other things, to study the educational system of England and to 'improve my mind by study and observation' The influence of Rabindranath on subsequent travel writing is painfully difficult to discover Recent travelogues are by Maitreyee Devi (*Maha Soviet*), Chitrita Devi (*Anek Sagar Periye*), Tarun Bhadury (*Maru Prantar*), and Monoj Bose (*Soviet-er Deshe Deshe*) *Himadree* by Rani Chanda and *Kashmir Bhraman* by Bimalchandra Sinha tell, however, of travelling in India Rani Chanda has developed a distinctive style of her own, and has a sensitive power of meticulous observation of both men and nature Annadasankar Ray has published in a weekly his travel diary of Japan, written more than a quarter of a century after his first book another travel diary, that made him famous The same weekly is now publishing Sibnarayan Roy's *Prabasher Journal* The notes there on his discussions with eminent men and women in the West, who include T S Eliot, Edith Sitwell and Bertrand Russell, are more than of passing interest

Indifferent translations from foreign literature, via English, cannot be counted, like autumn leaves Really remarkable

translations have, however, been made in poetry where the problem of transferring the sense and sensibility from one language into another presents itself in acute form. And they have been mainly done from the original Both Sudhindranath Datta and Bishnu Dey have published volumes containing translations from Shakespeare, Goethe, Heine, Mallarme, Valery and others Buddhadeva Bose has published in journals a great number of translations from Baudelaire They have been collected in a book called *Baudelaire, Tanr Kavita,* which is in press He has also published a verse translation of Kālidasa's *Meghaduta* Apart from its merit as a work of sustained power, this latter book should be acclaimed for the important scholarly essay on Sanskrit poetry included therein Translation from Whitman by Premendra Mitra has been collected in a recent volume called *Whitman-er Srestha Kavita*

Poetry is the special pride of Bengal In this short review of the year's activity in literature I, therefore, shall only mention the names of important new additions in poetry and attempt nothing more Bishnu Dey has published two new volumes last year *Alekkhya* and *Tumi Sudhu Panchishe Baisakha* and Buddhadeva Bose one, *Je Andhar Alor Adhik* There are two posthumous collections of poems *Rupashi Bangla* by Jeevanananda Das and *Nishantika* by Jatindranath Sengupta Two promising first volumes of poems are by Alok Sarkar and Sunil Gangopadhyaya The poets of younger generation are quite active They are running three little magazines of their own where they publish their poems and they claim to have developed a new style and spirit in poetry The claim is perhaps rather premature, but their serious devotion to poetry is enviable

If in this quite inadequate review any important book has remained unmentioned, the reviewer makes apologies in advance and assures that it was not intentional.

Naresh Guha

Gujarati Literature

The year under review is full of encouraging activities and significant incidents in Gujarati world of letters Last year, at least half a dozen poets had made their debut by publishing their first collections of poems This year the process has continued, though a little less vigorously Rajendra Shah, the veteran among the newcomers, had published his new collection of songs and poems, *Shruti* It is very unlike his earlier *Dhvani*, inasmuch as it has a lot of experimentations with rhythm rather than with pure rime which is not surprising, since songs are the order of the day in Gujarati poetry and the newer poets lisp with enthusiasm

Niranjan Bhagat and Jayant Pathak have added new poems to their earlier collections *Chhandolaya* and *Marmar*, respectively These updated editions of old titles are evidently enriched in quality by new additions and surely give a higher stature to their authors The 'old guard' poets of the 'thirties seem to be silent these days, but their silence is more than made up, at least in quantity, if not in quality, by the younger ones

The most significant development of the year is a welcome growth of 'little reviews' of poetry This was first experimented in 'Kavita,' a pocket-size periodical published by 'Kumar' magazine of Ahmedabad Soon Bombay followed suit by launching 'Kavilok' on the same lines with 'Kavita' Today a small town like Visnagar has a 'little' magazine of poetry, 'Manjari' The most recent advent in this field is a small publication, 'Palash', from an unexpected corner in Saurashtra, Joravarnagar These and other inexpensive pocket-size pamphlets admirably serve as a handy and localised vehicle for new verses and also suitably perform the role of a clearing house for regionalism Though much of the stuff in these pamphlets is derivative, there are quite a few signatures that hold out promise Pradyumna Tanna, Gulammohammad Shekh, Harindra Dave, Jasubhai Shah, Nalin Rawal, 'Meenpiyasi', Aniruddha Brahmabhatt, Hemant

Desai, Jayant Parekh, Ratilal Jogi and Dinesh Kothari are amongst the new arrivals in these little magazines.

Among the new poets to come out with their first books of poems this year, Jayant Palan, author of *Gulmor*, may be mentioned Among the 'experimentalists,' Hasmukh Pathak's debut is eagerly awaited Karsandas Manek, after a long spell of silence, will be staging a come-back with his new collection, *Madhyanha*. Posthumous publication of Harischandra Bhatt's collected poems under the title *Swapnaprayan* will be a major event of the year

There is hectic activity, as usual, in Gujarati fiction The 'veteran' novelists 'Dhumketu', Gunavantrai Acharya and Chunilal V Shah are still going strong in their traditional and tried forms of novels Of these Dhumketu and Acharya are so preoccupied with their favourite historical serials extending to half-a-dozen volumes in one single unit, that they have practically no time left to think over any contemporary social or political theme Oddly enough, prolific and popular younger novelists, Pannalal Patel, Ishwar Petlikar and Pushkar Chandarvakar, who usually excel in depicting rural life, have tried, in their new novels, themes that are not very congenial to their genius of regional depiction Pannalal Patel's *Navoon Lohi* is not a very happy experiment in sophisticated theme Similarly, Ishwar Petlikar has tried the almost impossible in fictionalising Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* Pushkar Chandarvakar in *Nave Chile* has tried a topical theme of social and economic development Devshankar Mehta, a regionalist pure and simple, depicts Saurashtra village folks in *Dharati-no-Pachhedo* and is now working on a similar vigorous theme *Mithi Virdi* 'Sopan', senior most in this group, has depicted a sophisticated love theme in *Dhoopsugandh* Darshak who raised high expectations by his *Jher To Pidhhanchhe* is reported to have completed the second volume of the same title

Fortunately, there are quite a few new debuts among the novelists Jaya Thakor, author of *Dhoopchhanv*, is a welcome entry as a woman novelist Bhagwati Kumar Sharma and 'Vishvamitra'

are among the newcomers who have shown quite an origi-nality even in their first attempts at novel writing.

Today more pens are engaged in writing short stories than long narratives Pannalal Patel, after *Dil-ni-Vaat*, is coming out with a new book of stories, *Man-na Morla* Petlikar's new collection of stories, *Akashganga*, is a mixture as before Dhumketu, in the midst of his overcrowded schedule of long narratives, still finds time for short stories which happen to be his first love and his legitimate forte

This year, the dearth of fresh writings by old practitioners of short stories seems to be amply compensated by several collections of their best stories—*Shrishtha Vartao* by Dhumketu, Ramanlal V Desai, Pannalal Patel, Ishwar Petlikar, Gulabdas Broker and Chunilal Madia Umashankar Joshi's forthcoming *Visamo* consists of old favourites with quite a few new ones Among the new practitioners, Suresh H Joshi, whose *Grihapravesh* was much talked of last year, has a new collection *Beeji Thodik* in the press Pitambar Patel, Mohanlal Patel, Bhanu Shukla, Bhupat Vadodaria and Mohammad Mankad have come out with their new collections of stories

This form has obvious appeal to the feminine sensibility More women writers are at work in this field than ever before Dhiru-ben Patel (*Ek Lahar*), Labhuben Mehta (*Bindi*), Dhirajben Parekh and Saroj Pathak have relieved the monotony of man's point of view in short story

Gujarat has a theatre of a sort but it suffers from a dearth of good plays, capable of offering genuine dramatic experience to the audience There is, however, a tremendous activity in the name of theatre, such as conferences, contests, festivals, seminars, papers and periodicals, etc , all the year round But when one looks across the footlights what he normally sees is either a plagiarised hotchpotch or a mediocre adaptation, when it is not an honest translation The year under survey has had a usual

quota of such adaptations which need not detain us The only outstanding and legitimate play of the year is Rasiklal Chhotalal Parikh's *Sharvilak*, based on Sudraka's *Mrichhakatikam*, but having an entire new depiction and original approach to Sharvilak as a spearhead of revolution in King Palaka's regime Other notable attempts at full length playwriting are by Madhukar Randeria (*Ante to Tamari*), Vajubhai Tank (*Vaibhav-na Vish*) and Chandravadan Mehta (*Sonavatakadi*)

In the realm of prose, *Darshan Ane Chintan* by Pandit Sukhlal Sanghvi is the most outstanding philosophical and literary treatise, which can very well be adjudged as the best work of the decade in Gujarati literature There are a few publications of literary histories, which can be better described as utilitarian than critical. So are the publications of some of the theses prepared for Ph D. degrees which hardly justify the high honours conferred upon their authors by the universities Some of the collected works of criticism are, however, noteworthy Anatrai Rawal's *Sahitya-vivek* is one of them Now that Gujarati is the medium of instruction at the highest levels in Gujarat University, some of the 'must' classics and critical works are fast being rendered into Gujarati Nagindas Parekh's authentic translations of Abercrombi's *Principles of Literary Criticism* and Worsfold's *Judgement in Literature* will prove more than just useful treatises on literature

Personal essay and travelogue are not much in vogue these days, but Vinodini Neelkanth's *Nijanand* is a welcome addition to essays in Gujarati literature Umashankar Joshi's forthcoming *Ooghadi Baari*, unlike his earlier *Goshthee*, should be better described as a collection of 'short short' essays, originally written as editorials of his magazine 'Sanskriti' during the last decade Hariprasad Vyas' *Pothiman-nan Ringanan* is the only publication of the year in the realm of highly hilarious 'light' skits Among serious works of study K K Shastri's translation of *Bharata Natyashastra* deserves a mention

By far the most significant event of the year is the programme of re-compiling *Sartha Gujarati Jodanikosh* which was first compiled and published in 1929 at the inspiration and initiative of Mahatma Gandhi This all-embracing standard spelling dictionary is a living monument to the memory of the Father of the Nation who wrote his major works, including the famous autobiography, originally in Gujarati

Chunilal K Madia

HINDI LITERATURE

Returning to Allahabad from Europe—where I had gone as a member of a small delegation of Indian writers—on August 14, 1957, I found literary circles in the city slowly getting ready for the coming 'season' (Not unnaturally, literary activities too tend to crowd themselves within the short north Indian winter) Two literary conferences were ahead—one had already been held just when the summer was getting into its stride—and both called for much spade work hence this early start The first of these conferences, organised by the local Arun Shalabh and presided over by Ramavriksha Benipuri took place before and the second, organised by Amrit Rai, during December The latter was not only a spectacular success—alike for the number and quality of the papers read and speeches made as for the excellence of arrangements—it rendered a valuable service for the future of Hindi letters by successfully demonstrating the falseness of the popular belief that Hindi writers are incapable of rising above group and coterie loyalties and discussing controversial subjects with known opponents The year, thus, ended on a happy note of general goodwill and *camaraderie*

There was to be further occasion—more than one occasion, as a matter of fact—for general satisfaction, if not rejoicing, in the Hindi area One of them was the popular decision of the Uttar

Pradesh Government to give up the 'reformed' devanagari script which they had introduced in primary schools as an experimental measure Another occasion for general satisfaction was furnished by the Gauhati Congress resolution and a third by the cessation of the Punjab Hindi agitation A jarring note was undoubtedly introduced by a speech here, a statement there and a formal conference at a third place, but these did not rattle the man in the Hindi-speaking street On the contrary, his appreciation of the other side's viewpoint had grown so much keener that these jarring notes, so far from throwing him off his balance, rather sharpened his desire to do something to dispel the doubts and suspicions of his non-Hindi-speaking countrymen I am speaking, needless to say, of the vast bulk of the Hindi-speaking people exceptions there must always be, but exceptions are only exceptions

One obvious proof of the Hindi-speaking people's growing desire to get closer to the people of the non-Hindi areas, is furnished by the popularity of Hindi translations of celebrated books in other Indian languages The most popular, naturally, was Urdu poetry transliterated into devanagari Any number of excellent volumes of Urdu verse came out during the year—and the 'invasion' was enthusiastically welcomed But Urdu was by no means the only Indian language thus befriended, Bengali continued to be as strong an attraction as ever Of the many Bengali works which appeared in Hindi during the year special mention deserves to be made of two Sahitya Akademi publications, Tarasankar Banerjee's *Arogyaniketan* and Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyaya's *Aranyak*, both beautifully translated by Hans Kumar Tiwari Other translations from Bengali that deserve mention are those of Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyaya's *Pather Panchali*, Tarasankar Banerjee's *Panch-Murti* and *Champa-danga-ki-Bahu*, Manik Bandyopadhyaya's *Putul-Nacher-Itikatha* and the masterly translation of Tagore's *Rakta-Karabi* (in Hindi *Lal Kaner*) by Hazariprasad Dwivedi Vemana's verses from Telugu, Munshi's novel from Gujarati, Anil's poem from Marathi (translated by Prabhakar Machwe and brought out by the Sahitya Akademi) also stand out as the year's highlights in

the field of translation from other Indian languages From English there were, of course, many translations—particularly in the realm of the literature of knowledge, as distinguished from the literature of imagination In the latter field the translations of *Othello* and *Macbeth* by Bachchan attracted considerable attention Rangeya Raghav continued to add to his Hindi versions of Shakespeare's plays, bringing the total during the year to—if I am not misinformed—a round dozen Hindi versions of Laski's *A Grammar of Politics* and Dr Appadorai's *The Substance of Politics* call for special mention—from the other section Two other works from non-Indian languages that deserve mention are Rahul Sankrityayan's *Dohakosha* and the Sahitya Akademi publication of the Japanese *Genji-ki-Kahani*, though the latter was not what I would call a good translation

In addition to translations there was also an impressive amount of original work in the scientific and technical field published during the year under review, besides a number of dictionaries—amongst which the comprehensive administrative glossary published by the Parliament Secretariat deserves special mention—and books on grammar, in which category special mention ought to be made of the Basic Hindi Grammar written by Aryendra Sharma and published by the Union Ministry of Education Literary criticism—which field of writing may be said to lie midway between the literatures of knowledge and imagination—made a considerable contribution to the annual crop of new publications Many of the critical books were of the 'key' and 'notes' variety, but there was no dearth of serious critical studies Nagendra brought out another valuable critical classic in *Arastu-ka Kavya Shastra* Vinay Mohan Sharma's *Hindi Ko Marathi Santon ki Den* was a valuable addition to the literature on the subject Krishnadeva Upadhyaya's *Bhojpuri aur uska Sahitya* was the outcome of intimate knowledge and sincere devotion to Bhojpuri folk literature, and Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan's *Tulsi ke Teen Pat* a daring *tour de force* in a field ordinarily left for the exclusive use of the grimly serious scholar Lakshmi

Kant Varma's *Nayi Kavita ke Pratiman* was advocacy rather than judgment—but perhaps all the more engaging because of that.

Fiction and poetry continued to account for the bulk of new publications in the field of creative literature *Parati Parikatha* by Phanishwar Nath Renu was hailed by the majority of critics as a worthy successor to *Maila Anchal* Even those who, like myself, were not convinced that its many brilliant parts totalled up to a novel in the true sense, were in no doubt as regards Renu's uncommon ability as a delineator of rural landscapes and interpreter of the rural mind Nagarjun's *Dukhmochan* was another notable novel dealing with the same part of the country, Bihar Vrindavanlal Varma's *Madhavji Scindia* and Rangeya Raghav's *Pakshi aur Akash* were historical novels, built round two utterly different cultural motifs and placed in two entirely different periods of Indian history *Khare-Khote* by Angapudi deserves mention as, probably, the first novel in Hindi not only by a South Indian but about South India *Patthar-al-Patthar* by 'Ashk', an interesting novel-cum-travelogue, *Apne Khilaune* by Bhagwati Charan Varma, an excursion into the domain of humour, and *Khali Kursi ki Atma,* Lakshmi Kant Varma's essay in 'symbolist' fiction, besides Devraj's *Rode aur Patthar,* Krishna Balwant Vaid's *Uska Bachpan* and Prakash Chandra Gupta's *Vishakh* also came out during the year under review There were several good collections of short stories published during the year, notable amongst which were *Jahan Lakshmi Qaid Hai* (Rajendra Yadav), *Janvar aur Janvar* (Mohan Rakesh), *Qasbe ka Admi,* (Kamaleshwar), *Naye Chitra* (Satyendra Sharad) *Zindgi-aur-Jonk* (Amarkant) 'Ashk' brought out a sumptuously produced collection of 70 of his best short stories

In poetry there was a remarkable crop of long poems—Balkrishna Sharma Naveen's *Urmila,* Ram Kumar Varma's *Eklavya,* Girija Dutt Shukla Girish's *Tarak-Vadh* and others Collections of shorter poems were many, in addition to a number of anthologies of selected poems by various poets Pant followed up his

earlier *Atima* with a collection comparable in character and quality, entitled *Vani* Maithilisharan Gupta gave evidence of astonishing vitality by giving us *Vishnupriya* Bachchan published a collection of fugitive pieces under the title of *Dhar ke Idhar-Udhar* and another (containing pieces truer to the main 'dhar') which he called *Arati aur Angare* Some others whose collections of poems came out during the year under review were Shambhu Nath Singh, Neeraj, Virendra Misra, Bharat Bhushan Agrawal, Kirti Chaudhri, Ramavatar Chetan, Srikant Varma, Rama Singh, Naresh Mehta and Siddhanath Kumar My own fifth collection of poems, *Hamari Rah*, also came out during this period The continued publication of the series entitled '*Kavi-Sri*', edited by Siyaram Sharan Gupta, enabled the Hindi-reading public to get Narendra and Agyeya also in a slim, smart, low-priced selection

The publication of 'Hans' after some years of extinction, this time as a half-yearly miscellany of creative literature, was another noteworthy event of the year

Balakrishna Rao

KANNADA LITERATURE

The year under survey has witnessed a series of interesting experiments by our writers, both as regards the form and content Let us begin with the novel *Kho* is the product of the combined efforts of ten well-known authors, each contributing a chapter to the work The authors are D R Bendre, V K Gokak, N K Kulakarni, V M Inamdar, D B Kulkarani, M K Varagiri, S R Mokasi, A K Ramanujan, Shantinath Desai and Kirtinath Kurtakoti As one author completes a chapter the next one displaces him with a 'Kho' and works up the next chapter, and thus goes on the fun Though ten authors with different styles have contributed to the novel, it is difficult

even for experienced literary connoisseurs, to identify the chapters with their respective authors The writers have even challenged their readers to identify them with their respective contribution. The theme of the novel is ordinary but its execution is commendable. The unity of plot and style stands to the credit of the authors. As far as our knowledge goes this is the first attempt of its kind in Kannada and we should like to know if such experiments are conducted in other Indian languages

'Rao Bahaddur' is a welcome new novelist The captivating caption of his fairly big novel *Gramayana* naturally reminds us of the epic *Ramayana*, but with a sad tinge of irony The author takes us back to a village of the last decades of the last century and acquaints us with the children of the soil with their unending tale of woe, of poverty, of raw and powerful emotions, with a wealth of intimate knowledge of rural life Instead of a single hero or heroine his novel has for its hero the whole community of the village The lights and shadows of human nature are well depicted by the author

The output of historical novels is on the increase The glory and fall of the Vijayanagar Empire has inspired many novelists to weave their imagination around them, and as a result we have a fairly good number of novels in the series Srinivasa Rao Korati has written 15 novels on this particular theme, his *Rakkasa Tangadi* being the last in the line His other novels that come under this series are *Amatya Ratna* and *Hucchu Dore* Virakesari Sitarama Sastry's novels on the same theme are *Samrajya Vaibhava*, *Dharmaglani* and *Golkonda Patana* Basavaraja Kattimani's *Pourusha Parikshe* deals with Malla Sarja of Kittur M N Chowdappa's *Krishna Bhupala* has for its theme the rule of Krishna Raja Wodeyar III of Mysore Niranjana has in his *Kalyana Swami* depicted the freedom struggle of Coorg and South Canara Vagisha's *Vira Bhumi* is the product of an exuberance of imagination based on the visit of Alexander to India and the heroism displayed by the Indians of the day

On the eve of the publication of *Vijaya Vidyaranya*, the 50th novel of A N Krishna Rao, the reading public registered their admiration and honoured the veteran novelist by celebrating the Golden Jubilee of his novel-writing at Bangalore in a befitting manner The other social novels of the same author are *Huliyuguru*, *Ichalu Maradavva*, and *Kankana Bala*, the last of which deals with the problem of divorce It is interesting to note that authors have taken a fancy to publish their novels in parts much against the protest of their readers who can ill afford to remain in a state of suspense the authors always leave them in' T R Subba Rao, better known as 'Ta Ra Su' has completed the last two portions of his *Akasmika* with the titles, *Aparadhi* and *Parinama* Also he has completed his *Rajeshwari*, the next in the *Grihapravesha* series. K Shivarama Karanth has, in his novel *Nambidavara Naka Naraka*, with his deep insight into human nature depicted the intimate relation that exists between beliefs and life Other social novels that can be mentioned here are *Rekha* (Part II) of Lalitambaa Chandrasekhar, *Oddida Urulu* of Kinnigowli, Usha Devi's *Moggina Jade*, Sriranga's *Baduku Jataka Bandi*, Dhirendra Kulakarni's *Aparadhi Nanalla*, Basvaraja Kattimani's *Jalataranga*, Priyadarshi's *Hemanta*, *Naniya Kadambari* of Balakrishna, *Sadhaneva Pathadalli* of K N Krishna Murthi, and *Vatsalya Patha* of Vyasaraya Ballala *Ranga Rohini* of Krishna Murthi Puranik has for its theme the problem of education His other two novels are *Mangalakshate* and *Tumbida Mane* Dasarathi Dixit, our renowned humorist, has given us two novels, *Mavana Magalu* and *Pakoda Priya* both sparkling with humour

Janardana Gurkar's *Dumbana Nayi* needs special mention The chief character in this novel is a dog who is the pivot around which the whole story moves V M Joshi's *Samara Sowdamini*, a novel dealing with the life of a soldier in the setting of the World War II is a type in itself as it has been shaped by one who was himself a soldier

One is led to fear that the short story is gradually losing ground

in its competition with the novel although several enterprising new authors are on the scene Kottalagi Ramachandra, who gave us his very promising novel *Deepa Hattitu* some time back has now published his *Chaitra Pallava*, a collection of stories The Kannada Sahitya Parishat has published a volume of 500 pages containing some good stories, the selection and editing being done by K Narasimha Murthy To mention other collections Basavaraja Kattimani's *Suntaragali*, *Maleyara Huduga* of Puranaraya, *Beludingala Ratri* of Rajeshwari, Bagalodi Devaraya's *Aradhana*, *Sandarsana* of Yeshavanta Chittala, Rajarama Majalikar's *Namma Devaru*, D N Belagali's *Benna Hindina Kannu* and Vyasaraya Ballala's *Sampige Hoo* Chadnranga, one of our accomplished short story writers, has given us his *Meenina Hejje*

Now about the dramas H Devirappa's *Tunga Bhadra* is a fairly big play that has for its theme the life of two great Kannada poets of the 13th Century, Harihara and Raghavanka Parvatavani, our social playwright, has now experimented with a pauranic theme in his *Kichaka* K Shivarama Karanth has dealt with some of the social problems in his *Jambada Janaki* K Gundenna's *Ashwarupa* is a farce on the horse-race fans R S Mugali's *Dhananjaya* has for its theme the devastating problem of corruption Thanks to the All India Radio we have got *Amritamati*, a collection of radio plays by Varadaraja Huyilagola and Dasarathi Dixit's *Tamburi Tammavva*, a collection of plays predominantly humorous in nature Ramachandra Sarma's prize-play *Neralu Mai Muriyitu* is reported to be an excellent piece of art and is best suited to the stage It is as yet unpublished

Kuvempu (K V Puttappa) has paid a high tribute to the toiling woman of the common home whose 'kitchen is her hermitage, and the oven fire the sacred blaze' in a poem in his collection *Ikshu Gangotri* The poet has revealed the beauty and depth in things and occurrences seemingly ordinary and insipid Two of the poems in the collection, *Mane Maneya Tapaswinige* and

Apathrica Varte amply illustrate this point

Bendre, another of our celebrated poets, completed his 60th year To mark this occasion five of his poem-collections, *Hridaya Samudra, Mukta Kantha, Chaityalava, Jiva Lahari* and *Suryapana* are brought out in one volume, *Aralu Maralu* The poems bear testimony to the spiritual heights to which poet's mind has soared

Vinayaka's (V K Gokak) *Dyava Prithivi*, G Varadaraja Rao's *Vijaya Dashami*, *Madhurayana* of K M S Chandrasekhariah and *Ashakirana* of B A Sanadi are other collections that need mention

In the field of research and criticism, one is glad to note that the late Venkannaiah's valuable writings have at last been published in one collection with the title *Kannada Sahitya Charitre mattu Itara Lekhanagalu*, thanks to his brother T S Shama Rao Shivarama Karanth's *Yakshagana Bayalata* is an exemplary work in the field of research on Yakshagana, a rare type of drama, characteristic of South Canara K Venkatarayacharya has enriched the field of scholarship with his *Sahityada Hinnele* R S Mugali's *Tavanidhi* and S S Malawad's *Kavya mattu Jivanachitrana* are also valuable additions in this field L S Seshagiri Rao has brought to the common reader the technique and significance of the novel as a literary form in his *Kadambari—Samanya Manushya*

Amongst works edited and collected we can draw the readers' attention to *Hariharanu Kanda Jyothirlingada Muru Mukhagalu* edited by L Basavaraju and B N Sastry who have given us good selections from Harihara on the lives of three spiritual luminaries, Basavanna, Allama Prabhu and Akka Mahadevi R S Rama Rao's *Banduni* is an extract from *Shatpadi* works M S Sunkapur has edited *Hammira Kavya* while the Parishat has published Sivamurti Sastry's *Gamaka Kavya Manjari* Young and enthusiastic K R Krishne Gowda (Ka Ra Kri) has rendered commendable service by editing and publishing three collec-

tions of interesting folk songs with titles *Ambigara Ganga, Janapada Premagitagalu* and *Mallige Nagutave*

The Mysore University's momentous decision to introduce Kannada as the medium of instruction in the pre-university and degree classes and its immediate translation into action has led to the publication of many standard works on scientific subjects in Kannada The University has ventured the publication of quite a good number of valuable books on Physical and Natural Sciences, written by accredited scholars The University Publication Department has rightly earned the approbation of one and all and specially of the University Grants Commission Books other than the University Publications are *Ukkina Vrittanta* (Story of Steel) and *Sakkare* (Sugar) by Vittala Shenoy, *Vijnanada Munnade* (Progress of Science) by R Siddappa, *Jenu Nonagala Samaja Jeevana* (Social Life of Bees) of S V Rajan, U Raghavendra's *Janata Vijnana* (Popular Science), *Sasya Sastra* (Botany) by P S Chickannayya and *Adhunika Manovijnana* (Modern Psychology) by M B Marakini

One of our best essayists, A N Moorthy Rao, has given us a collection of his essays *Aleyuva Mana* Another collection, R S Mugali's *Matembudu Jyothirlinga* is of a contemplative nature, and B R Vadappi's *Tarakambagalu* is in a lighter vein The value of translating works of other languages is being realised more and more by our writers S V Ranganna has translated some of Chekhov's short stories and novelettes, published under the title *Sanna Kathe Kirukadambarigalu* A few of Rabindranath Tagore's works are also translated Hazariprasad Dwivedi's interesting work *Banabhatta ki Atmakatha* has been rendered from Hindi into Kannada by M S Krishna Murthy and published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi with the title *Banabhattana Atmakathe* Under the scheme of rendering the complete works of Mahatmaji into Kannada two volumes are released now, *Samkshipta Atmakathe mattu Hind Swarajaya* and *Dakshina Africadalli Satyagraha*, translated respectively by Siddavanahalli Krishna Sarma and S V Krishnamurthi Rao S V Para-

meshwara Bhatta has selected 179 verses from Hala's *Gatha Sapta Sati* and given a beautiful rendering of them into Kannada with the title *Kannada Gatha Sapta Sati* K Krishna Murthi has translated Sudraka's *Mricchakatika* and Bhasa's *Yajna Phala*

Prabhu Shankar

KASHMIRI LITERATURE

There have been three valuable additions to Kashmiri literature during the year under review The first and most notable is *Doad Dag** (Sickness and Pain) by Akhtar Mohi-ud-din This is a short novel (not a long short story) of 136 pages, and has the distinction of being the first novel in Kashmiri It is, in the main, the story of two sisters, Faata and Raaja, who lose their father in early childhood and become orphans, their mother having died even earlier The central character is, however, the younger sister, Raaja, loving, generous and lively, even vivacious, and positive, though quick to repent her impulsiveness She is the heroine not because, her moral lapses notwithstanding, she is an admirable character in a work of fiction but because her qualities of character are structurally related to the well-organised and compact plot She is sensitive and emotional, and it is these qualities of character that are the motivation for her actions which bring about the humiliating misery on herself and, by an inevitable irony of circumstance, on her beloved sister The novel ends, as it must end, where the travail and tension of her life end, where her life ceases to be significant In the present-day society a woman's life centres round marriage, and the success of her life is measured in terms of the success of it This novel is concerned with human relationship in a particular social set-up and centres round marriage, or more precisely, round several marriages and divorces Other characters

**oa* in *doad* sounds like *o* in *dole*, *a* in *dag*, like *u* in *dug*

are drawn in, chiefly men,and the situations become complicated till divorce and death intervene and Raaja and her second husband, Abdul Gani, are left alone and Abdul Gani is sobered, even chastened, into nuptial fidelity but not till Raaja has lost her physical beauty and attractiveness and is a tuberculosis patient

Reading *Doad Dag* is a satisfying experience, albeit a sad one, and it deepens our awareness of the social problems that certainly exist But it is not a problem novel, raising issues and controversy or propagating ideas It presents a 'slice of life' in a concrete and realistic manner It is a frank and uninhibited portrayal of what happens and if there is adultery, well, there is adultery But the author is not neutral and we have, besides, a feeling that Raaja surrenders her body (and in the situation and the circumstances this becomes almost inevitable) but her mind and heart are not involved Even the little indiscretions, like accepting Abdul Gani's assistance at the Hospital, are shown to have results that are not good

The author has a grip on character which is remarkable in a first novel There is no over-simplification, and the complexity of character is revealed as the situations develop, the plot thickens, and the characters and events interact on one another All the characters (though they are not many) are, without exception, finely drawn, each one of them individualised, human and recognisable Very subtly and unobtrusively the objective portrayal of the suffering and humiliation, the 'sickness and pain' raises doubts in our minds about the validity of the social values and attitudes, and there is a deepening of our understanding of a social milieu, ignorant, petty and cruel Unobtrusively also is our sense of the social background quickened in another respect we have a feeling of the impact of economic slump, in *namda* trade, on a man's character and on human relationship It must, however, be said that the scope of the novel and the range of characters (they all come from the lower classes) is limited This is mentioned as a fact, not as a flaw, because the author

writes about what he knows and understands, and he writes about it in a style which has the mature qualities of fluency, clearness and variety It is not loaded with embellishment though it can be impressive and picturesque at times Pretentious idealism is not there, nor sentimentalism of any kind He describes what he has observed with scrupulous accuracy There is only one flaw in the novel the scene of divorce between Shama Soeb and Faata does not carry emotional conviction It comes about too suddenly and we are not well prepared for it, nor for the quiet submission of Shama Soeb to the Mohalla Elders' decree This, the first novel of the author, is remarkable not for the promise it holds but for what it has achieved

The second valuable addition has been that of Rahman Rahi's *Nav roaz sabaa*, a well got-up collection of 32 poems covering 144 pages Fourteen of these poems are *gazals*, and so in form, is also the poem *Subuhuk mukaam*, four are in rhymed couplets, five in unrhymed irregular (free) verse with lines of equal length, two of which, *Voe shoek' ta raphgar* and *Swanaloenki peth* are monologues, while three poems are in unrhymed verses but with lines of equal length There are two poems in quatrains rhyming *abcb* and two rhyming *abab* with *a*-lines shorter than *b*-lines There is, therefore, considerable experimentation and, in the words of the author's preface 'this became inevitable even though there was no tradition of the kind in Kashmiri because these forms were created under the pressure and urge of the poetic expression ' The title appropriately explains the general tone and content of the poems In the author's words, again, the title '*Nav roaz sabaa* is the name of a *nagma* (*raag*) in Kashmiri music which is sung at the conclusion of the night and early beginnings of the dawn In this *nagma* (musical composition) is found the bitterness and impatience of a night-long waiting as well as the faith and hope in the coming of the new day ' In the same way are these poems intended to convey to the reader a sense of the ending of the darkness and gloom of the present day and to awaken in him the feeling for love and beauty of tomorrow that is coming soon

To meet the morn of the day that is dawning
see how the hill-tops are all aglow,
see how the tulips have filled their cups
with the warm red blood of their own heart

Take heart, my dear,
see how the drop seeks out the flood,
see how the tiny spark's eye is aflame,
and see the proud mien of the new-born crescent
as proud as that of the full-grown moon

This is how he uses the familiar metaphors for the new concepts, but there are other metaphors and other similes, making up a new imagery, appropriate to new contexts and used with a refreshing effect as in the poems *zindagee* and *tasveeruik' zui rwakh* For instance

The stars weave a garland of pearls in the sky,
I feel that thou hast gone forth to count and gather thy
yearnings one by one

It is difficult to write a good gazal, for the form of the gazal has a tendency towards making the verses of it trite and repetitive, but the quality of this young poet's gazals has a maturity and sureness that does not make it presumptuous on his part to 'offer his gazals as a present to Ghalib ' I would particularly choose gazals beginning with (1) *yana chaani yinuich shvachh* . (2) *yaar sabaras roe z'* (3) *zamaanas chhi kam kam* (4) *roazi javaan taa abad*

Zinda Kaul (Masterji) has laid us all under a debt of gratitude by editing the third, and the last, volume of Paramanand's poetry These comprise the first 32 poems of the volume which are rendered into English verse, while the last eleven poems are from the pen of Shri Lakshman, 'Paramanand's best disciple It should be enough to say that a few false accents (as on *worship*, page 2 line 12 and *perverse*, page 3 line 11) and the invariable *te-*

tum monotony of the verse-translation notwithstanding, no one should have been able to edit the works of Paramanand as competently as Zinda Kaul

The 'T'ameer', an Urdu monthly journal issued from the Information Department, continued to afford some space for Kashmiri, mainly poetry, and in its pages were published some kit'aat of Ghulam Rasool Nazki, gazals of Amin Kamil, Rahman Rahi, Mohi-uddin Navaz, Wali and, a young poet of promise, Muzaffar Azim This year the 'T'ameer' brought out a special number about the late Abdul Ahad Azad, which is a valuable piece of work Mention must also be made of the 'Pamposh', a journal which allots about half the number of pages to Kashmiri, and has brought out five issues since August 1957 when it was started in Delhi In the weekly meetings (not always regularly held) of the much older Cultural Conference and the Jammu and Kashmir Cultural Forum inaugurated last year on the 23rd August by A A A Fyzee on the lawns of the Prime Minister Bakshi Ghulam Mohammad's official residence several short stories, poems and plays were read and discussed The enterprising Dramatic Club of the Government Women's College continued to do good work and staged Noor Mohammad Roshan's *Aftaab ta zoon*, a domestic play about the relationship between man and wife The Cultural Forum staged two plays by Amin Kamil, *Praagaash* and *Bahaar ho aav*, both being, what may be called, publicity plays, one about the resurgence of new values among the peasantry and the other an operatic verse play, interspersed with songs, dealing with life after the First Five Year Plan And, in the end, mention should deservingly be made of the good work that the All India Radio (Srinagar) is doing in discovering new talent, and encouraging men of letters, particularly through its literary programme of *Sangarmaal* every month It has broadcast good stories like Deepak Kaul's *Jatum-tum*, skits like Pushkar Bhan's *Machaamun motar*, short plays like Somnath Zutshi's *Modur mas*, Amin Kamil's *Aki roets*, and Mohini Kaul's *Shri Bath*

J L. Kaul

Malayalam Literature

Undoubtedly the most outstanding though tragic event in the realm of Malayalam literature during the period under discussion is the passing away of Poet Vallathol With the death of this stalwart an epoch came to an end—an epoch which was characterised by deep classical scholarship and ardent love of traditional values and norms It also happened to be an epoch which sounded the clarion call for the final uprising against foreign domination and indigenous oppressions Vallathol flowered at a time of great social stress and strain But he had a clear personal vision which was certainly above and beyond the times he lived in Very few poets of modern times had such a perfect architectonic sense This master of the inevitable word was not merely a flashy genius who produced an occasional masterpiece, but a prodigiously industrious writer whose output is amazing both in its quantity and quality

The gap left by Vallathol cannot be easily filled in the near future But his spiritual disciples and younger contemporaries like G Sankara Kurup, Vennikulam Gopala Kurup and P Kunhiraman Nair are more or less active in the field But these living senior poets have not been producing much in recent times. Sankara Kurup has probably been polishing his translation of *Gitanjali*, bits of which used to appear in weekly magazines Vennikkulam after translating *Tirukkural* from Tamil is now, I understand, working on Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia* Vyloppilli Sridhara Menon has published a volume of poems—*Kadalkakkakal* (Sea-crows) Like its predecessors this volume of poems maintains the poet's high reputation as a meticulous craftsman and a serious poet *Mannum Vinnum* (The Earth and the Heaven) by K K Raja is a recent collection of short poems which has won appreciation

On the whole the output of poetry has been meagre during the year One wonders why Are the poets becoming diffident about their mission or are they marking time for lack of poetic

fervour? And readers, too, seem to prefer short stories and novels to which they are treated by an ever increasing number of budding authors

The number of short stories published during the period is legion which makes the problem of selection rather difficult Among the old-timers four have added a volume each to their repertoire They are P C Kuttikrishnan (*Velutha Kutti*), C A Kittunni (*Ampathezhale Konnu*), P Kesava Dev (*Yamuna Ekagramayi Ozhukunnu*) and Saraswathi Amma (*Idivettu Thailam*) These writers continue to maintain a steady flow of their literary output Some of the younger writers, however, show a greater variety and vigour in their story telling M T Vasudevan Nair's *Iruttinte Atmavu*, T Padmanabhan's *Makhansingınte Maranam* (Makhan Singh's Death), Malayattur Ramakrishnan s *Soochi Mukhi*, Pattathuvila Karunakaran's *Kanne Madanguka* and Madhavi Kutti's *Pathu Kathakal* are outstanding

I have heard many critics grumble that the best days of our short story are gone I, however, beg to differ It is true that more insipid stuff is being written now than during any other period But there are quite a few who have opened up fresh channels of experience and who have given the art of story writing a new vitality When 'Kovilan' and 'Nandanar' wrote their barrack-room sketches, we were led to a fascinating world about which we knew nothing before When Madhavi Kutty wrote her subtle psychological stories about love-lorn girls and loving mothers or when V K N , N P and Anandakuttan wrote their breezy and brilliant stories about human foibles we always could get something refreshingly novel

A few years ago a reasonably good novel was a rare phenomenon in Malayalam Most of our writers saw life as a patch-work of interesting situations but seldom as an organic part of a vast and significant whole Now the situation has changed Many writers are trying to grapple with life at various levels and to catch the inner meaning of the particulars of existence Among

the recent achievements in fiction, mention may be made of Parappurath's *Anweshichu Kandethiyilla* (Sought but not found) Parappurath is a writer from the ranks of the army who made a deep impression with his first novel on a soldier's life in the army He has successfully followed it up with this equally good second novel It is a delicate and sensitive novel about the life of a staff nurse in the Auxiliary Corps Kovilan's *A minus B* is another novel about the miniature world called the military-barracks

Ponjikara Rafi has given his long-promised novel *Swarga doothan* It is a novel written almost in a Proustian strain depicting the juvenile memories of an impressionable boy, brought up in the stuffy religious atmosphere of a Catholic household Though a trifle too long-drawn-out, it is a bold experiment full of promise and intelligent observations

Kesava Dev, a born fighter and a believer in the ideal of perpetual revolution, has given us a new novel, *Rowdy*, after many years of quiescence It is a novel about the conversion of a frail and feeble-minded boy into a notorious desparado by force of circumstances The longest and yet the most enjoyable novel of the period is Uroob's *Sundarikalum Sundaranmarum*, an ambitious work built round five or six families in which the author tries to portray a generation in crisis Muttathu Varkey and G Vivekanandan continue to give us their eminently readable novels

The output of plays in Malayalam during this period has also been notable Both the amateur and the professional theatres are buzzing with activity With a network of small and big theatre groups and an annual drama festival, new plays and playwrights are discovered every year But all this means very little indeed when we look at the plays from a literary angle Nevertheless, there are a few exceptions C N Srikantan Nair's *Nashtakkachavadam* (Losing Business) and Surendran's *Palunku Paatram* (Frail Vessel) are two well-written social dramas Ponkunnam Varkey's *Visarikku Kaattu Venda* (The Fan

needs no Breeze), S L Puram Sadanandan's *Vilakuranja Manushyan*, (Cheap Man), K T Muhammad's *Velicham Vilakku Anweshikkunnu* (The Light in search of a Lamp) are among the most popular hits on the stage

Most of the critical writings in our language are in the form of desultory contributions to weeklies and magazines Nevertheless, a few substantial volumes have been written *Kathakali Rangam* (The Kathakali Stage) by K P S Menon (not the famous diplomat) is the result of much painstaking and hard work It is mainly a book about the lives of well known and little known Kathakali artistes who lived during the past one hundred odd years *Kathakali* by G Ramakrishan Pillai is a comprehensive work on this art published by the University of Kerala P K Balakrishnan's *Chandu Menon* is an unorthodox but refreshing study of the father of Malayalam social novel *An Introduction to Sophocles* by Kaattumadam Narayanan and a critical estimate of *Dhwanyaloka* (first and second Udyota) by S Venkitakrishnan are also learned and documented works K Bhaskaran Nair's *Samskaralochanam* (Perspectives of Culture) is an interesting dissertation on the essence and greatness of Indian culture

Among the many collections of literary essays the better known ones are *Sanketika Grantha Nirupanangal* by A Balakrishna Pillai, *Ashta Mangalyam* by P A Varier, *Maarivillu* by P G Purushothaman Pillai, *Vichara Tharangini* by P Damodaran Pillai and *Kraanta Darshikal* by S Guptan Nair

Two concise histories of Malayalam literature have appeared this year, one by P K Parameswaran Nair and the other by N Krishna Pillai The first book which is sponsored by the Sahitya Akademi is an able survey of the whole period The second work meant more for the layman lays greater stress on modern periods and tendencies

Biography has always been one of the weakest branches in our

literature It is very seldom that a work of real value appears A recent work in the field is C O Kesavan's *Kumaran Asan* Asan is an inviting subject for a literary biography, but, surprisingly enough, the subject has practically been neglected so far Kesavan has taken great pains to collect plenty of useful materials relating to the life and times of Asan *E M S* by M A George is a biography of E M S. Namboodiripad, the Communist leader and Chief Minister of Kerala

Joseph Mundasseri, P Kesava Dev, and octogenerian I C Chacko have given us interesting fragments of their autobiography The memoirs of R Easwara Pillai, the veteran educationist, have been posthumously published In history the only work published is Vykam Chandrasekharan Nair's *Indiayum Chinayum* (India and China) It is the first volume of an ambitious work in which the author essays to trace the strong cultural ties that bind India and China

Of late, travel books have been in great demand Almost all those who move out from their homes come back and give us some commonplace stuff in the name of travelogue S K. Pottekkatt, however, is one of the few who is perhaps worth reading in this branch His *Simha Bhoomi* (Vol 2) and *Bali Dwipa* are two recent additions to his impressive list of interesting travel books

Numerous translations have been published during the last one year Translation is one of those few literary pursuits where planned production has plenty of scope But unfortunately it happens to be the most ill-planned and a slipshod activity in our literature and has become the readiest resort of the literary hack who, naturally, does not worry much about the quality of either the original or the translation His concern is for producing an easily marketable commodity In spite of this sorry state of affairs, some good translations do appear now and then Tolstoy's *War and Peace* which has been fully and carefully done by Edappalli Karunakara Menon is the most outstanding

achievement in this field This book which runs to 1,572 closely packed pages has been superbly produced by the National Book Stall and its publication was heralded with great pomp and ceremony

Other notable translations of world classics include *Siddhartha* (P Kunjukrishna Menon), *The Hunch Back of Notre Dame* (S Sankara Varier) *Cossacks* (O P Joseph), *Thaw* (Raman Menon) *Sorrows of Werther* (E M J Venniyoor), *Iliad* (K A Paul) and *Human Destiny* (Madasseri Madhava Varrier)

From Indian books, Humayun Kabir's *Men and Rivers* (Tatapuram Sukumaran), Manek Bandyopadhyaya's *Fisherman on the Padma* (Ravi Varma), Banaphool's stories (Ravi Varma), *Thirukkural* (Vennikkulam and another by Sasthamangalam Ramakrishna Pillai) and *Pathittuppattu* (R Narayana Panikkai) are important

The Southern Languages Book Trust which have been sponsoring good books at cheap prices have published 15 books in Malayalam Among these are four well-prepared anthologies (something rare in Malayalam) and a few good translations

The above survey shows that in Malayalam writers and publishers have kept themselves fairly busy With more schools and more libraries springing up everywhere and with a new political and social awareness books are in greater demand This carries with it the danger of a rapid commercialisation of culture As James Farrel remarks 'with mass distribution of art, the problem of raising mass sensibilities becomes a major task of the present'

S Guptan Nair

MARATHI LITERATURE

The output in Marathi literature during the period—August 1957 to July 1958—is not very discouraging There is, as usual, a spurt of activity in the field of short stories, but there is very little in the sphere of light essays Novel is becoming richer, but the most promising sign is seen in the region of drama and that makes up for all shortcomings

So far as literature of knowledge, as distinct from purely creative literature, is concerned, mention has to be made of *Saundaryache Vyakarana* by Barlinge which is an attempt to systematise the concept of Beauty in so far as it is possible to do so in a grammar of aesthetics Then, there is the biography by Tulpule, *Ranade, His Life and Philosophy* *History of Marathi Literature* by A N Deshpande is commendable, and the late Mate's, *Sant, Pant and Tant* shows a good insight into the workings and the sociological background of the saint poets of Maharashtra Another book, in a less serious vein, but interesting in its way, is *Upekshit Mankari* by C G Karve, which deals with persons who were not much in the limelight in the days of Tilak and Gokhale, but who did yeoman service and were, in a way, in the background of affairs, and but for whose work in the religious, social and educational activities, there could have been no progress Mention should also be made of Gomkale's book, Warerkar and Marathi Stage

Coming to the short stories and novels, there is a rich and varied fare *Machivarcha Buddha* is a good piece by G N Dandekar A tendency to depict the life of the common man is seen much in vogue amongst the Marathi novelists Along with that, 'regional novels' (like the Wessex Novels by Hardy) are becoming popular S N Pendse goes to his favourite land of Konkan in *Yashoda* and *Konkancha Daryavardi* A small tract of land intensely studied and intimately known in its history, folklore and architecture, is a far better *locale* than wandering from place to place and trying to give a cosmopolitan touch Mangesh

Padki's novelette, *Kashbhat*, is full of promise

As regards short stories, some good collections are Shantaram's *Shirwa*, V Patwardhan's *Chehra*, Durga Bhagwat's *Purva* and Indira Sant's *Chattu* It is a happy sign that women-writers are coming into their own Problems affecting women and their difficulties are well portrayed by V Patwardhan Another writer who bids fair to shine on the literary horizon for a long time is Durga Bhagwat In *Purva* she takes up old mythological events and makes a charming use of them as guides to the solution of our social ills Then, it is a pleasant surprise to see a poetess like Indira Sant write short stories and life-sketches about *Adivasis*

In the world of humour, there is the ever-present P L Deshpande, with his immortal *Batyatyachi Chawl* The author knows well how to wield his weapon to castigate the foibles of the society A remarkable contribution in travelogue is Shashikant Punarvasu's *Ub and Gartha*, which is fresh and original

In poetry, there is Indira Sant's *Mrigjal*, very lyrical in its quality, Sharatchandra Muktibodh's *Yatrik* describing himself as a pilgrim, gleaning rich experiences as he goes through life—of love, of common man's joys and sorrows, and the vision of a new world born of the blood and tears of the downtrodden, and Madgulkar's *Gita-Ramayan*, epic in its elements

It is in the field of drama that we have the best output There is *Shrimant* by Vijay Tendulkar, *Pavitra Jyot* by K Narayan Kale (an adaptation from Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*), *Akashganga*, a fantasy by Bal Kolhatkar, a beautiful play by P L Deshpande, *Sundar Me Honar*, which almost recalls the romance between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, and Vasant Kanetkar's *Vedyanche Ghar Unhat*, a play which holds the reader till the end and haunts the mind

As for events of literary significance, it would be relevant, while

writing about Marathi drama, to refer to the starting of a Natya Academy and a Theatre Workshop to train teachers and others interested in dramatic art, in Bombay in August, 1958 There are many such centres in Bombay and Poona and though the Academy is to work in English under the guidance of Herbert Marshall, its experience should be of benefit to the various Indian languages Other literary events are the yearly conventions (*Sammelans* as they are known by the Marathi-speaking public) at Yeotmal, Indore and Malwan under the Presidentship of A R Deshpande, G T Madkholkar and A R Deshpande (again), respectively

V R Wanmali

ORIYA LITERATURE

The year under review saw brisk literary activity in Orissa An impressive number of books of all varieties were published A rich stream of vitality has been introduced by a number of young writers into almost every sphere of literature and one can hopefully look forward to a brighter future for Oriya literature as a whole

Some very significant works of literary criticism and research have been published this year *Oriya Loka Geeta O Kahani* of Kunjabehari Das is a monumental work on Oriya folk-songs and folklore *Pali Dhammapada O Pali Bhasara Ketoti Samasya* (Pali Dhammapada and Some Problems of Pali Language) of Prahlad Pradhan, the eminent Sanskrit and Pali scholar, is a critical and comparative study of *Dhammapada* as also of the Pali language Deviprasanna Pattanaik's *Kavi Lipi* (Poet's Letters) is a critical edition of forty-eight letters, mostly unpublished so far, of the late poet Radhanath Ray to his great contemporary, poet Gangadhar Meher Other works of note in the field are *Oriya Sahityara Bhumika* (Preface to Oriya Literature) by

Pathani Pattanaik, *Upendra Sahitya Samalochana* (A Critical Study of Upendra Literature) by Vishnumohan Mahanty, *Pragati Sahitya* (Progressive Literature) by Krushnacharan Behera Mention may be made also of *Nandakishore Sandesh* (The Message of Nandakishore) by Murarimohan Jena The Orissa Sangeeta Nataka Akademi has brought out *Lakshana-Chandrodaya Grantha*, a valuable work on grammar, rhetorics and linguistics by late Kavichandra Raghunath Parichha

Short stories occupy the pride of place in this year's Oriya literature *Sabuja Patra O Dhusara Golapa* (The Green Leaf and the Grey Rose) of Surendra Mahanty reveals again his mastery in the art of story-writing, his wide range of outlook and subtle power of characterisation A rich crop of books of stories has been produced by established writers like Kalindi charan Panigrahi (*Mo Kathati Sarinahi* or My tale has not ended), Umesh Chandra Panigrahi (*Ashramika* or The Lass of the Hermitage), Rajkishore Pattanaik (*Shalagrama*), Gopal Chandra Misra (*Tila O Tandula* or Sesamum and Rice), Pranabandhu Kar (*Pranabandhunkara Kshudra Galpa* or The Short Stories of Pranabandhu), and Durgamadhav Misra (*Jautishe Kahichanti* or The Astrologer has said) Basanta Kumari Pattanaik presents a fine body of stories in her *Palata Dheu* (The Returning Wave) Three promising writers whose works reflect the rising tide of cynicism and revolt are Dasarathi Prasad Das (*Pratidhwani* or The Echo), Bibhutibhusan Pattanaik (*1955*) and Rabindranath Singh (*Chalantika* or The Moving Panorama) Lakshmidhara Mahanty's *Prana O Pipasa* (Life and Thirst) is a collection of touching stories Most of the stories published in the different journals and papers are sentimental in spirit and conventional in pattern Only some writers like Gopinath Mahanty and Surendra Mahanty among the veterans and Bamacharan Mitra, Mahapatra Nilamani Sahu, Jenamani Narendrakumar, Rabinarayan Boral and a few others show some freshness in their themes and technique An anthology of stories, old and new, *E Yugara O Se Yugara Galpa* (Stories of This Era and That) edited by Gopal Chandra Misra and Sivram Mahapatra has come out

Only a few novels of some merit have been published this year Rajkishore Pattanaik's *Chalabata* (The Trodden Path) presents a study of the complexity of the emotion of love Late Lakshmikanta Mahapatra's *Kana Mamu* (The One-eyed Uncle) which came out this year is significant for its realism beneath which shine sparks of idealism and humanism for its forceful characterisation and vital style Mention should also be made of *Nasta Chhanda* (The Broken Rhythm) by Kalpana Kumari Devi, *Epari Separi* by Kahnu Charan Mahanty, *Luha Au Lahu* (Tear and Blood) by Sri Nayak, *Swarna Sarasa* (The Golden Swan) by Satyananda Behura and *Marua* by Nikunja Kishore Das It is disappointing to note that hardly any novel presents a comprehensive or penetrating study of the urban or rural life of Orissa today, a really subtle portrayal of character or a deep vision of life

Gokulananda Mahapatra presents a gripping scientific romance named *Krutrima Upagraha* (Artificial Satellite) His *Udanta Thalia* (The Flying Saucer) is an interesting collection of stories on science and scientists and their exploitation by the selfish capitalists

The presence of permanent stages and professional groups of artistes has led to the increasing popularity of dramatic literature in recent years Social dramas with elements of satire and critical realism dominate the scene *Kirani* (The Clerk) of Kamalalochan Mahanty presents the suffering of the lower middle class and corruption in high places *Chabuk* (The Whip) of Ramchandra Misra attacks many evils of the contemporary society Two other dramas of social interest are *Parisodha* (Repayment) by Bhanjakishore Pattanaik and Saradaprasanna Naik and *Vichara* (The Trial) by Kartick Ghosh All these dramas have been successfully presented on the stage *Ki Thila O Ki Hela* (What Was and What Has Become) of Bhubaneswar Misra and *Gan Mati* (The Soil of the Village) of Kamalalochana Mahanty are plays fairly successfully dramatising themes of social reform Gopal Chandra Misra presents a memorable page of the history

of the struggle for freedom in the Orissa State in *Bezelgette* Mention may also be made of *Bahni* (The Fire) by Viswajit Das, *Gautama Buddha* by Nikunja Kishore Das, *Nivedita* by Gopal Chandra Misra, *Tinoti Natika* (Three Plays) by Prabhat Mukherjee, *Jhanja* (The Storm) based on Kahnu Charan Mahanty's novel of that name by Gopal Chhotray, mythological dramas like *Subhadra Parinaya* (The Wedding Of Subhadra) by Udayanath Misra, *Pana Raksha* (The Observance of the Vow) by Bhubaneswar Misra, *Bulu Ostad* (Bulu, the Expert), a children's drama by Ananda Shankar There is little improvement in technique to be seen in most of these dramas Some deftness in the management of the dialogue and a keen sense of the stage are to be noticed In the social dramas the desire to please or to thrill clouds out the serious purposes underlying them Oriya adaptations of Western dramas like Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* and Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* have been presented on the stage by amateurs with some success but they have yet to come out in print

Two anthologies of one-act plays, *Ekankika Samahara* edited by Gorachand Misra and *Ekankika Chayana* edited by Gopal Chandra Misra have come out this year Pranabandhu Kar and Surendra Mahanty stand out by their superior craftsmanship Aswini Kumar Ghosh, the veteran dramatist, gives a long preface of serious discussion in the manner of Shaw to his sociological one-act play, *Suna Bhauja* (The Good Sister-in-law) Brahmananda Panda presents a group of one-act plays with sociological and political themes in *Kendra O Paridhi* (The Centre and The Circumference) The Orissa Sangeeta Nataka Akademi has brought out two operas, *Sarada Rahasa* (The Autumn Opera) by Viswambhara Rajendra Dev and *Basanta Rahasa* (The Spring Opera) by Kishore Chandra Rajendra Dev

To observe the new trends of Oriya poetry today one has to turn largely to the periodicals Oriya poetry in the 'thirties and 'forties of this century came greatly under the influence of English romantic poetry, particularly that of Shelley, and of Tagore and

Kazi Nazrul in Bengal, and in the cases of some, later in the period, the influence of the Marxist theory of literature and the technique of Whitman Today's poetry is slowly but surely moving away from most of these influences Sochi Raut Roy reveals today a mellowness of vision, a search for values deeper than the narrowly social or aesthetic ones Ananta Pattanaik has moved on to fresh fields and pastures new in the matter of technique and to greater individualism Binode Nayak, Jnanindra Verma, Chintamani Behera, Janaki Mahanty, even romantic Radhamohan Garnaik and a few others reveal in their poetry a search for new technique with varying measures of success Ramakanta Rath continues his unorthodox treatment of apparently common themes and exhibits striking originality of technique in some of his poems Guruprasad Mahanty with his refreshing and distinctively personal idiom reveals sparks of talent in his rather slender body of poetry Rabindra Prasad Panda and Lokenath Misra show some promise This new movement in Oriya poetry is to a great extent the outcome of the influence of Eliot and Ezra Pound in particular and the modernist movement in the western poetry in general It is as yet confined to a small but effective minority while the majority still continue to write and enjoy romantic and pseudo-romantic poetry Mayadhar Mansinha remains almost completely unaffected by the new movement in technique but reveals a deeper contemplative strain in his poems

Two anthologies of poetry, *Kunjabehari Sanchayana* and *Vidyutprava Sanchayana* of two poets of note of our time came out this year Vidyutprava Devi's poetry often reveals a fine sense of rhythm and a genuine gift of lyricism Kunjabehari Das is a prolific writer of poetry wider in its range and predominantly romantic in spirit Both of them occasionally experiment with new verse forms obviously under the influence of the modernist movement in poetry *Sara Sundari* (The Beauty of the Lake) of Chandrasekhara Misra and *Baneswar* of Chakradhara Mahapatra are *kavyas* in the poetic tradition of the age of Radhanath *Atmalipi* (Autobiography) is a book of sonnets, lyrical and reflec-

tive, by Krushna Chandra Tripathy Mention may also be made of *Kaivalya* (Salvation) of Nikunja Kishore Das, *Katha O Kavita* (Tales and Poems), a group of balladic poems by Gopal Chandra Misra and *Romantic Kavita* (Romantic Poems) by Umashankar Panda *Pahancha Talara Ghasa* (The Grass beneath the Steps) is a short collection of poems of Godavaris Mahapatra, an anthology of whose poems has recently come out under the significant title, *Kanta O Phula* (The Thorn and the Flower) Godavaris Mahapatra has a striking sense of rhythm and an unparalleled ability to invest the common language with unusual power and suggestiveness, and his magazine *Nian Khunta* (The Brand of Fire) presents ample illustrations of satirical verse unique in the language A competition of poems on themes relating to the freedom movement organised by the Government of Orissa on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the Sepoy Mutiny led to the production of a fine body of poems, published later in an anthology, *Shatabdy Smarane* (In Memory of a Century)

Bedouin (Umesh Chandra Panigrahi?) has written a moving book of travel, *Drustipat* (A Glance) Men and women, living, loving and suffering in Burma or Singapore, in Nepal, Pakistan or Afghanistan interest him to the utmost *Indonesia Anubhuti* (The Experiences of Indonesia) by a rising young writer, Manoj Das, is a gripping account of free and renascent Indonesia Other works of note are *Patha O Pathika* (The Road and The Traveller) of Kunjabehari Das, *Rus Bhramana* (Travel in Russia) by Viswanath Pasayat and *Anubhuti* (Experiences) by Rabindranath Singh A number of important translations have been published *Platero and I* of the Spanish Nobel Laureate Juan Ramon Jimenez has been translated into *Platero O Mu* and Bertrand Russell's *Satan in the Suburbs* into *Upanagarare Saitan* by Lala Nagendrakumar Ray *Spirits Rebellious* of the great Lebanese author Khalil Gibran has been rendered into *Vidrohi Atma* by Chittaranjan Das, *The Lighthouse at the End of the World* of Jules Verne into *Batighara* by Lakshminarayan Mahanty and *The First Man in the Moon* of H G Wells into *Chandralokare Prathama Manisa*

by Ashwini Kumar Pujari Many translations of stories of foreign authors come out in journals, particularly in the Sunday issue of 'Matrubhumi' and in 'Jhankara' Lakshaminarayan Mahanty and Prabhas Chandra Satpathy deserve particular mention in this connection Tagore's *Rakta Karabi* has been translated by Prafulla Chandra Pattanaik Of Sanskrit works, Jayadev's *Geet Govinda* has been admirably rendered into Oriya by Jagadbandhu Mahapatra Abhinna Chandra Das has written a *Kavya, Sura Sundari* (The Beauty of the Heaven) on the basis of Kalidasa's *Vikramorvasiyam*

Children's literature has been enriched by Udayanath Sarangi (*Chaka Chaka Bhaunri* or Merry-go-round), Kunjabehari Das (*Kathatie Kahun* or Let me tell a Story), Premalata Das (*Mo Kathate Sarila* or My Tale Has Ended), Godavaris Mahapatra *Mo Khela Sathi* or My Playmate) and a few others Folk literature, too, of other countries has been rendered into Oriya by Jankiballav Mahanty (*Desha Videshara Kahani* or Stories of Different Lands), Manoj Das (*Desha Videshara Loka Katha*), and Godavaris Mahapatra (*Desha Videshara Upakatha*) Golakbehari Dhall has written *Petara Pavana O Patira Katha* (Air Inside and Words of the Mouth) , an elementary book on philology and linguistics for children It has hardly any parallel in any Indian language

Many series of short biographies of great men and women of India and abroad have been published Besides mention may be made of *Kapilendra Dev* of Batakrushna Praharaj

The most outstanding book in this sphere is *Ardha Shatabdira Odisa O Tahinre Mo Sthana* (Orissa of half a century and my place therein), the incomplete autobiography of the late Godavaris Misra A finished literary artist, a scholar and a politician, one of the builders of modern Orissa, Misra has presented in a candid informal style with characteristic touches of humour, of satire and irony, the gripping story of his eventful life and the life of Orissa of his time in which he played a very

significant role

Rich contributions have been made to historical literature by Satyanarayan Rajguru (*Naga Vamsara Ithasa* or The History of the Naga Dynasty) and Suryanarayana Das (*Swadhinata Sangramara Ithasa* or The History of the Struggle for Freedom and *Paika Vidroha* or The Revolt of the Paikas)

Vijnana Prachara Samiti, an association of scientists devoted to propagation of scientific knowledge with considerable work to its credit, has brought out two collections of essays on scientific subjects, *Vijnana-Varta* and *Vijnana Sanchika* Viswanath Sahu continues to write books on different aspects of the science of agriculture

Binode Rautray, in his illustrated book, *Odisi Chitra*, gives a systematic exposition of Orissan folk art

Significant contributions have been made to sociological, economic and political literature by Sriramchandra Das (*Samajika Jivana* or Life in Society) and Baidyanath Misra (*Bharatara Arthanitika Samasya* or The Economic Problem of India and *Bharata Sambidhana* or The Indian Constitution)

Among other books, mention may be made of *Bharata Bhagya Vidhata* (The Moulders of India's Destiny) by Nityananda Mahapatra, the versatile writer, *Viswa-Sahityara Katha* (The Story of World Literature) by Chintamani Das, *Viswa-Sahitya* by Sridhara Das, *Ama Swadhina Samsara* (Our Free World), an illustrated book written in colloquial style for the education of the adults by Golakbehari Dhall, *Darshana O Samalochana* (Philosophy and Criticism) by Krushna Prasad Misra, *Swadesha O Samskruti* (Motherland and Culture) by Bimalkrishna Pal, *Adwaita Vedanta Parichaya* (Introduction to Adwaita Vedanta) by Hrudananda Ray and *Hazrat Muhammad O Islam Dharma* (Prophet Muhammad and The Islam Religion) by Moula Bux Khan

At the direction of the Government of Orissa a committee of scholars under the distinguished chairmanship of Artaballav Mahanty, the eminent scholar of Sanskrit and Oriya, brought out *Prashasana Shabda Kosa*, a dictionary of Oriya equivalents of terms in use in day to day administration, last year The committee reconstituted with some changes in membership under the same chairman has already compiled a second volume containing Oriya equivalents of technical terms pertaining to different sciences, and it is now in press

The Utkal University has opened a special department for the compilation of an Oriya Encyclopaedia with Mayadhar Mansinha as the Chief Compiler and Banambar Acharya as the Assistant Compiler

Two new journals, 'Nava Jyoti,' devoted to the exposition of the philosophy of Sri Aurobindo in particular and of Indian philosophy and culture in general, 'Akashavani Prasarika' giving the texts of important broadcasts made over the A I R , Cuttack, have appeared

Visuva Milan was celebrated this year with Manoj Basu, the eminent litterateur of Bengal as the Chief Guest Bhanja Jayanti was celebrated with great enthusiasm in different parts of the province A Children's Drama Festival was held at Puri The All India Radio, Cuttack, held a Drama Festival at Cuttack and a Kavi Sammilani at Bolangir Besides, a new novel of Kalindi Charan Panigrahi, *Gauri*, was relayed in serials A significant event in the literary life of Orissa was the inauguration of the Orissa Branch of the P E N by S Radhakrishnan

Oriya literature suffered heavily due to the deaths of two outstanding journalists and men of letters, Lingaraj Misra and Balakrushna Kar

Sarbeswar Das

PUNJABI LITERATURE

Punjabi literature, despite the limited range of its reading public (of the 8 million people who speak the language not more than 20 per cent are literate), is by no means a barren field from year to year The crop is good almost yearly, particularly since 1948, and in that respect the present year is as good as any, if not indeed a deal better

Poetry may still be given the first place in such a survey, though one may be sure that, taking into account the total amount of writing during the year, the output in other forms, notably the novel and the short story, has been considerably more substantial It does not, however, mean that the year's output in poetry is not commendable For one thing, two of our best ranked poets, Mohan Singh and Pritam Singh Safir, have published a collection each, and secondly, the quality of some other writing has also been quite high Mohan Singh's *Vadda Vela* (The Big Time), as the name signifies, attempts to awaken our world to the great times ahead, in keeping with the general spirit of renaissance and optimism in the whole of Asia and other backward parts of the world, in general, and India in particular Pritam Singh Safir has, after a long silence, given us his first collection after Independence He has entitled it *Ad Jugad*, (The Beginning of the Eras), and aptly enough, for he has developed in this collection sentiments present in his earlier poetry, which hearken backwards, aspiring to awaken us to our centuries-old inheritance of idealism, of which there is perhaps not a trifle too much in these poems Takhat Singh's *Hambhale* (Spurts), his third collection during the last three years, is again true to its name, a considerably self-conscious effort Takhat Singh is a master of technique, acquired through a fairly long apprenticeship in the workshop of Urdu poetry, and transfers into Punjabi much of the eloquence and arrogance which are characteristic of much Urdu and Persian poetry This, his latest collection, is no different in this and in much else from his earlier work

However, the most remarkable production, perhaps, of the year in a field which is common to poetry and drama, is Harbhajan Singh's verse-play, *Tar Tupaka* (The Drop on the Wire), hinting at the present-day predicament of humanity when it is hanging over the precipice of time like a drop on the extremity of a thread or wire. In this poem Harbhajan Singh has presented the ruling power of our time as a magician who, at the tether-end of the power and luxury that science, the new magic, can bring him, is yet oppressed by the nightmare of fear and boredom which is worse than fear

Apart from this verse-play, Punjabi drama has also something to show Harcharan Singh, our veteran playwright, has made his yearly contribution with *Ratta Salu* (The Blood-stained Shawl) in which he has depicted, rather melodramatically, the misery of our peasantry under the combined pressure of the landlord and the police Piara Singh Bhogal has given a collection of one-act plays, *Dhan Pir* (Wife and Husband) Every one of the seven plays in it presents a picture of the husband-wife relationship—not in the usual idealistic mode, but nevertheless evoking an idealistic sentiment from the relentlessly realistic portrayal He has also published two long plays during the year, *Ape Kaj Savariye* (Let us mend our affairs ourselves), and *Siar* (The Furrow) The first-named aims to present a picture of the state of our society in the days of Guru Gobind Singh, and to show how the people themselves could mend their affairs In *Siar* is presented the contemporary situation of our semi-feudal peasantry, where a peasant would not balk at sending a younger brother into the jaws of death in the Second World War, so that the few paternal acres may not be divided Neither of the attempts can, however, be commended as very successful The same may be said of Kapur Singh Ghuman's *Jorian Jag Thorian* (Too Few Good Matches in the World), for Ghuman has not been able to say anything worthwhile in the hackneyed context of ill-made marriages Gurdial Singh Phul's *Dharati Di Jai* (The Daughter of the Earth) is similarly only a moderate success Paritosh Gargi may, however, be commended for his effective handling

of a common domestic problem of the old-type Indian commercial class in his *Parchhaven* (Shadows) in which he has with commendable realism shown the irrelevence of the superstitious belief that a new-born child or newly-wed wife bring with them good or ill luck to the family Balbir Singh has brought out two plays on pre-British Punjab history, *Ranjit Singh* and *Ik Sarkar Bajhon*, but has not revealed any adequately dramatic grasp of the situation or any new aspect of the tragic story

The best output has come perhaps from the field of the novel The veteran Nanak Singh's yearly contribution, *Pujari* (The Priest), is a story in keeping with his reformist criticism of the modern politico-social situation in the country, perhaps a bit more successful than most of his other novels Narindrapal Singh has published two novels, *Triya Jal* (The Women's Web) and *Aman De Rah* (Ways to Peace), both of which are works of good quality *Triya Jal* is the life-story of a woman, from childhood to early middle age, which derives its point from the fact that in her efforts to educate herself and have a career, a woman in our society has, more than anything else, to break through the web of obscurantism and oppression which her own sex has woven round her *Aman De Rah* is the story of an army man who sees action in Burma, is rescued from there in a shell-shocked condition, and back in the Punjab, tries to put across to his people the absolute necessity of peace Jaswant Singh Kanwal's *Rup Dhara* (The Stream of Beauty) is a fine thing, indeed, in spite of the occasional rusticity of its language and sentiment It is, again, the story of a village girl who, orphaned in her infancy, is brought up by her aunt, wife of a petty administrative officer, receives education, takes up the career of teaching, is persecuted by the woman-hungry *nouveau riche* in our society, suspected finally even by the husband of her own choice, but who comes through, nevertheless, thanks to her own integrity and fortitude and to the assistance of friendly elements in the same society

Surinder Singh Narula's *Dil Darya* (The Heart's Stream) tells the story, with considerable effect, of our society as it eventuates

around an artist, in the shape of four women representing the different forces that exercise their pull on a sensitive mind And yet more remarkable, because it is a first attempt, is *Davanal* (The Forest Fire) by Surindrajit Brar The fire here is of greed that devours the best trees in the forest that is our feudal society, and it is embodied in the matron of a land-owning family, whose characterisation is the chief achievement of the author Two short novels *Ashu* by Amrita Pritam, and *Khushbu* (Fragrance) by Devindar Singh merit mention for the tender feeling they evoke

A historical novel, *Lohgarh*, by Harnam Dass Sahrai, dealing with the revolutionary exploits and tragedy of Banda Bahadur in the 17th century, is also an attempt deserving of commendation. There is similarly a good crop in the field of the short story, too Kulwant Singh Virk has published his fourth volume of short stories entitled *Dudh Da Chhappar* (The Pool of Milk) It has the same sensitive feeling and artistry that mark his earlier work and a direction, which was perhaps not so marked before, towards a progressive popular end Santokh Singh Dhir's *Sanjhi Kandh* (The Common Wall) is another remarkable document bearing witness to the beautiful yet poignant reality of Punjabi village life Another commendable collection is *Sipp Te Sagar* (The Shell and the Sea) by Amar Singh Amar Singh has the sophisticated manner, different from the intellectualism of Virk and some others and the tender realism of Dhir

Two books on travel join the year's caravan, *Meri Rus Yatra* (My Journey to Russia) by Sohan Singh Josh, and *Brij Bhumi Te Malaya Yatra* (A Journey to Brij and Malaya) by Hira Singh Dard Josh's is the account of a lover admitted to the country of his beloved after a wait of long years Dard's account is more objective, for there is no predisposition anyway, and makes very good reading

A remarkable feat of critical appreciation is seen in Gopal Singh Dardi's book, *Adi Granth Di Sahityak Visheshta* (Literary Signi-

ficance of the *Adi Granth*) It seeks to bring out the literary qualities of the vast treasure-house of Punjabi poetry contained in the *Adi Granth*, the Scripture of the Sikhs It is a field rich with reward, and Dardi is accordingly quite well rewarded

*Sant Singh Sekhon**

SANSKRIT LITERATURE

In the last quarter of 1957, the Sanskrit Commission appointed by the Government of India concluded its labours and submitted in about 600 pages a report embodying its comprehensive enquiry into the present state of Sanskrit studies in the country and suggesting various ways of improving them The Government are printing the Report, and studying the Commission's recommendations A beginning has already been made by Government in respect of some of the recommendations and it is gratifying that four of the senior-most Sanskrit scholars, all of them Mahamahopadhyayas have been honoured recently by the conferment on them of an honorarium for life Through their Indology Committee, Government have also arranged to start an Indology Series in which Sanskrit texts will be edited by different scholars

Among the works undertaken by Sahitya Akademi's Sanskrit Board, the critical edition of the *Vikramorvasiya* by H D Velankar is under print, and so also the *Itihasa-Purana* (*Puranetihasa Sangraha*) volume of the *Anthology* In collaboration with UNESCO, the Sahitya Akademi has also interested itself

*The author of this article is a distinguished Punjabi writer and he has modestly refrained from mentioning his own works in the survey *Sahityartha*, a work in literary criticism, *Tija Pahar* (The Third Watch), a collection of short stories, and a translation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* are his contributions to Punjabi literature during the period under review The last named is sponsored by Sahitya Akademi —*Ed*

in the project for the reprinting, after the necessary revision, of some of the most acceptable English translations of chief Sanskrit plays and poems

Universities, Institutes and individuals have kept up their work in the field of higher research and learned publications the Madras University has published a thesis on *Kerala Contribution to Sanskrit* by K Kunjunni Raja *Sarvadevavilasa*, edited by the present writer for the Adyar Library, is a champu-kavya describing the old Madras city and giving a vivid picture of native social and cultural life in the days of the East India Company The Madras Government Oriental Library, Madras, and the Sarasvati Mahal Library, Tanjore, have brought out some texts under the scheme sponsored by the Government of Madras· the *Mahabhaskariya* of Bhaskara, the *Bharatarnava* of Nandikesvara, and the *Parijata Nataka* of Kumara Tatacharya On Kautilya and *Arthasastra*, the Kuppuswami Sastri Research Institute published the commentary *Jayamangala* and the Oriental Research Institute, Mysore, the *Sutras* of Brihaspati, Chanakya and Somadeva K V Sarma edited some short astronomical works of Kerala authors The Annamalai University published a study edition and translation of the *Madhuravijaya*, the historical poem of the royal poetess Gangadevi The University Manuscripts Library, Trivandrum, edited some poems, plays and Sastraic texts *Anangajivana Bhana*, *Bhramarakahali*, a recent and originally conceived one-act Sanskrit play, and *Sitaraghava* From Kerala, there appeared also a fresh edition, with an exhaustive commentary, of the great devotional classic of Malabar, the *Narayaniya* (Tripunithura), a biographical poem on Rama Varma, King of Travancore (1860-1880) was also published (Trivandrum)

In grammar and philology, Messrs Abhyankar and Deodhar edited Konda Bhatta's *Vaiyakaranabhushanasara* (Poona). Bharatasena's *Sukhalekhana* (Calcutta), an aid to Sanskrit composition, is a welcome publication P S Subrahmanya Sastri published another volume of his magnum opus, *Lectures on*

Patanjali's Mahabhashya (Tiruchi) Sukumar Sen's *History and Pre-history of Sanskrit*, a series of short lectures, was issued by the Mysore University A lexicon, *Kosakalpataru* of Visvanatha, was published by the Deccan College Research Institute, Poona

Critical studies were continued on classical Sanskrit literature S K De produced a valuable analysis of the textual problems relating to the celebrated century of verses on love, the *Amarusataka* (*Our Heritage*, Calcutta Sanskrit College) S V Dixit (Belgaum) produced an exhaustive study of the dramatist Bhavabhuti in his *Bhavabhuti, His Life and Literature* V S Agrawala has produced in Hindi an exhaustive cultural study of Bana's *Kadambari* (Banaras) N A Gore's *Jatimala* (Bombay) brings to light a new poem on the different types of heroines (*nayikas*) by the Sanskrit musicologist, Somanatha By far the most noteworthy publication is the anthology of Vidyakara, the *Subhashitaratnakosa*, edited by D D Kosambi and V V Gokhale and published as No 42 of the Harvard Oriental Series

An appreciable volume of work was seen in Vedic literature The Vaidika Samsodhan Mandal, Poona, brought out a *Srauta Kosa*, as well as an edition of the *Principal Upanishads*, the latter as a memorial to Gandhiji The Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur, brought out Vol VIII of their *Index Verborum* (Vedangas, Pt i) The Research section of the Calcutta Sanskrit College published an important *Brahmana* text of the *Sama Veda* with old commentaries, C Kunhan Raja (Andhra University) produced a volume of lectures on different aspects of the Veda S S Bhave, Baroda, gave a fresh interpretation of the Soma-hymns of the *Rigveda*, and on the same subject of Soma, B H Kapadia has collected together the different legends (Anand)

In Epics and Puranas, a further volume of the *Critical Edition of the Mahabharata* was issued by the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Poona, the Oriental Institute, Baroda, which

is following in the footsteps of the Mahabharata-edition of Poona and working at a *Critical Edition of the Ramayana*, brought out the first fasciculus of the first book of the epic; it appears that the findings of the critical apparatus are very much inclined towards the Southern version The M L J Press edition of the *Ramayana* reappeared in its revised form N D Navlekar produced *A New Approach to the Ramayana* The Asiatic Society, Bombay, published the late V S Sukthankar's *On the Meaning of the Mahabharata* From Calcutta Sanskrit College, R C Hazra brought out Vol I of his *Studies in the Upapuranas*

Philosophical publications appeared from different parts of the country, Madras University completed the *Bhattadipika* with *Prabhavali* V Anantacharya was responsible for *Vedantadesika-Vaibhava-prakasika* of Doddayacharya U Veeraraghavacharya brought out a new gloss of his own on the *Vaiseshika Sutras* Sacchidananda Sarasvati of Mysore, who has some distinct views of his own, produced a commentary on the *Mandukya Upanishad* The Sanskrit Series of the Oriental Institute (Library), Mysore, included a Virasaiva work, *Kriyasara* On Vedanta Desika, his life and work, Satyavrata Singh published a thesis (Banaras) In Buddhism, Anantalal Thakur edited the *Works of Ratnakirti* (Patna) and Vidhusekhara Bhattacharya, the *Yogacharya-bhumi* of Asanga (Pt i) The effort to print afresh in devanagari script some important Buddhistic Sanskrit works is commendable, we have in this line, the *Avadanasataka* and *Lalitavistara*, edited by P L Vaidya

Among diverse technical works that recently came out and not already mentioned are The *Rugvinischaya* by M Visvesvara Sastri (Madras) and the *Tambulamanjari* edited by J S Pade

To the existing Sanskrit periodicals, there has been an addition in the recently started 'Rashtravani', the fortnightly organ of the Samskrita Sabha, Poona-2

New creative writing in Sanskrit is appearing mostly in the pages of Sanskrit periodicals Of poetical works that have separately appeared in book-form, mention is to be made of the *Vidyadhara Nitiratna*, a gnomic and didactic collection, by Vidhyadhara Sastri, Bikaner, C D Deshmukh's *Gandhisuktimuktavali*, published by Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, which renders in diverse metres choice utterances of Mahatma Gandhi, and the *Jawahara-tarangini* or *Bharata-ratna-sataka* by S B Varnekar, editor of the Sanskrit weekly, 'Samskrita Bhavitavyam', Nagpur, which is a century of verses on the Prime Minister of India, depicting his qualities and achievements In the *Pratirajasuyam*, we have a new drama from the accomplished poet Y Mahalinga Sastri, this play in seven acts, awarded a prize by the Madras Sanskrit Academy, handles an epic theme with a good deal of modern touch Among works that have appeared in prose, in simple narrative style, may be mentioned the *Bharatiya Svatantrya-sangrama Itihasa* or the account of the 1857 Indian revolution, by Pandharinathacharya Galgali, editor of the Sanskrit Journal, 'Madhuravani'

In histories of different branches of Sanskrit literature and works of bibliography and reference value, Vol V of P V Kane's monumental *History of Dharma Sastra* was issued The reprinting of Macdonell's *History of Sanskrit Literature* (Delhi) is to be commended It is a pity that there is in the market no Sanskrit-English Dictionary for a moderate price, the effort of the Deccan College Research Institute, Poona, aims at a huge research-production of a new Sanskrit Dictionary on historical principles, the Dictionary of Monier-Williams is costly, of the *Revised Edition of Apte's Dictionary* (Poona), three parts have recently appeared, but this would also be ultimately costlier than Monier-Williams' work There is, therefore, still the need for a good moderately priced Sanskrit-English Dictionary

V Raghavan

SINDHI LITERATURE

The year, August 1957—July 1958, was one of great importance to those interested in Sindhi language and literature For the first time a Convention of over seventy literary associations and cultural bodies of the Sindhis dispersed all over India was called at Delhi (on 1st-3rd December 1957) to formulate a demand for the inclusion of the Sindhi language in the Eighth Schedule of the Constitution of India The Convention was inaugurated by P V Kane with Jairamdas Daulatram, ex-Governor of Assam, in the chair, and was presided over by the present writer A noteworthy feature of the Convention was a Sindhi Cultural Show organised in the Sapru House, New Delhi, by Ram Panjwani, with Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, as the chief guest Choice pieces from Shah, Sachal and Sami, the three principal Sindhi poets were recited or sung, and a Sindhi comedy produced by J N Nagrani staged by competent actors A valuable adjunct of the Convention was a symposium held under the chairmanship of B H Nagrani wherein several Sindhi writers from various parts of the country participated, the most interesting paper being contributed by Tirith Vasant from Ajmer, whose unorthodox views on the Sindhi language have evoked interest

Another event of importance in the field of Sindhi literature was the inauguration of weekly Sindhi broadcasts from the Bombay Station of All India Radio on the 15th August 1957, India's Independence Day The first talk was by T M. Advani, Vice-Chancellor, University of Bombay, and was followed by a series of learned talks on eminent Sindhi writers From the very beginning these talks were diversified by Sufi verses and songs so beloved of Sindhis, and latterly these songs have almost overshadowed the talks themselves Occasionally, these broadcasts have included some radio plays, the most interesting of which was a play broadcast by Gobind Malhi

The award in 1957-58 of a prize of Rs 500/- to Gordhan Mahbubani of Ajmer by the Central Government (for his contribution to Children's literature) gratified the Sindhi community, and provided an incentive to other writers of verse and literature for juveniles Gordhan Mahbubani has established his place as perhaps the most popular of the younger generation of Sindhi poets and verse-writers, and his poems (which generally appear in Sindhi magazines) are much appreciated

It cannot be said that there was any great activity in Sindhi poetry in 1957-58 beyond sporadic verses in magazines Parsram Zia and Lekhraj Aziz collaborated in a metrical translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* and added a fifth verse-translation of the Lord's Song to the already existing translations by N V Thadhani, T L Vaswani, Menghraj Kalwani and Mulchand Lala A posthumous edition of one of the less known *Surs* of Shah by the late Lalchand Amardinomal appeared in 1957 under the title of *Jivan Mathur*

This year was notable for the number of Miscellanies and pamphlets published, some of which reached a high standard of excellence The most important of the Miscellanies were the two excellent productions the third number of the *Mumal* issued by the Central Railway Sindhi Sabha, and *Rajdhani Ja Sahitkar* (Writers in the Metropolis) issued by Motilal Jotwani and Anand C Goklani The *Mumal* presented a variegated and rich fare of poems, stories, essays and anecdotes, and if only it had a better format and binding, it would be a permanent and handsome addition to every Sindhi's library The other Miscellany embodied choice articles from the pen of Sindhi writers in Delhi and was announced to be a Directory of the writers living in the metropolis The healthy rivalry between Bombay—so far, the recognised centre of Sindhi literary activity—and Delhi, betokens well for the Sindhi community The third Miscellany of note was *Phingun* (Splashes) by G L Dudani, it contained essays, sketches and dramatic pieces, one of these short plays being almost a little masterpiece

The great venture of the year was undoubtedly the first part of the *Adi Granth* or *Granth Sahib*, in Sindhi script (to be completed in four parts) carefully prepared and printed by Jethanand Bhavandas Lalwani As almost all the Sindhi Hindus are devoted to the Sikh scriptures and teachings of the Sikh Gurus, and many of them read the *Granth Sahib* daily, the service done by Jethanand Lalwani to the entire Sindhi community can hardly be overestimated. In the writings of the Sindhis the *Granth Sahib* is a perpetual fountain of inspiration even as the English Bible has been to writers in English, and the publication of the *Granth Sahib* in Sindhi characters will do much to stimulate literary activity among the Sindhis

The bulk of Sindhi books that appeared in 1957-58 consisted of translations, with just a sprinkling of original works There were no biographical, historical or scientific works, original or translations, and of literary works there were only two One was *Vahdat Name* or Sufistic Verses of poet Bedil issued by Gidumal Harjani without any worthwhile Introduction or Notes, and the other was *Adabi Shanas* by Jagdish Lachani, a rather awkward summary of some well-known books on Literary Criticism Of the translations, only two were translations of plays, both, curiously, translations of Tagore's well-known play, *The Post Office* Of these two translations Hariram Mariwala's translation had a pleasant flavour and diction, while Naraini Advani's version was not very striking but was quite readable M U Malkani's well-known translation of *Gitanjali* was reprinted

As for translations of stories and novels, there was quite a spate Among these translations may be mentioned the following Jagat Advani's translations of *Purush ain Prem* (from V S Khandekar), *Tun Na Aiyan* or *You did not come* (from Lin Yu Tang), *Hik Rat* or *One Night* (from Karsandas Manek), *Abhsarika* (from Flaubert), Uttam's *Bela* (from Amrit Rai), Sundri Uttamchandani's *Tutal Saz* or *Broken Instrument* (from Gorky), Krishin Gurbaxani's *Durangi Dunya* (from Bhagwati

Charan), *Brata Ji Padmini* (from Vrandavan Lal Varma), Moti Prakash's humorous *Kako Kalu* (from Imtiaz Ali and Jerome K Jerome), Tahilram Pahlajrai's *Papihra* (from Keshwa Kaul), Lal Pushpa's *Prem Ain Vasana* (from Pearl Buck), Rajan's *Gariban Ji Jhoopri* (from Premchand and George Eliot), Bhagwan Mewani's *Dharati Ain Swarga* (from Ramanlal Desai), Beharilal Chabria's *Sat Kadam* and *Punj Murti* (from Tarasankar Banerjee), Shyam Mastana's *Chal Kapat*, and Hari Wadhwani's *Gunahgar* (from H G Wells), etc

Of the original works in fiction, there were some which deserve special mention Ram Panjwani's novel *Dhiyun Na Jaman* (Oh! that daughters were not born) which came to be better known by its alternative title *Maya Jo Moh* (Lust for Lucre) was a powerful indictment of the evil of *Deti-Leti* or Dowry system, so rampant among the Sindhis Ram Panjwani's humour and powerful characterisation, aided by his racy style, made it the most popular novel of the year Another masterpiece was Gobind Malhi's *Desi Sen Kajan* (Marriage within one's own fold), perhaps the best novel, so far, from this versatile writer's pen Called a regional novel, it is very much more than that, its central character, a Kolhi fisherwoman, is perhaps the most striking feminine creation in Sindhi fiction.

Other novels of note in the period under review were *Pahari Chotiyun* (Mountain Summits) by Chandulal Jaisinghani (which in keeping with its title has some exalted passages), two posthumous works, both social novels (written before their death by two gifted Sindhi novelists), namely *Majbur* (Helpless) by Ahuja Tair and *Preetma* (Beloved) by Parsram Valecha, *Hik Dil Hazar Arman*, a sentimental novel by Kala Prakash, *Vapas* (Return) by Guno Samtani and a rather queer novel intended for children but containing propagandist stuff, *Surg Ji Golha* (Search for Paradise), written by Mohan Kalpana.

As for short stories, the best collection of stories in 1957-58 came surprisingly from the pen of a comparatively new writer in

the field (Loknath Jetley), under the rather piquant title of *Visarian Na Visran* (Not possible to forget) Other collections of original short stories were *Jit Kahinji* (Whose Triumph) by Totaram Valecha, *Rangilo Professor* (Gallivanting Professor) by Bhagwandas Chawla, *Khamoosh Zindagi* (Silent Existence) by Jagdish Lachani, *Vishwas Avishwas* (Faith and Unbelief) by Lal Pushp, stories by Arjan Balani, and humorous and sentimental stories edited by Kirat Babani and issued by *Nai Dunya* under the title of *Sagar Ain Lahroon* (The Sea and the Waves) and *Dardan Mari Dil* (Agonised Heart). These last-named stories were composed by well-known writers of short stories such as Anand Golani, Sundri Uttamchandani, Kirat Babani, Kala Prakash, Uttam and Tirith Vasant

An idea of the literary activity of the Sindhis during the year 1957-58 can be gauged from the popularity enjoyed by the several magazines produced in Sindhi, and the number of writers who contributed to these magazines The 'Hindvasi' weekly had a circulation running into five figures, the other popular magazines 'Nai Dunya', 'Raj Filmistan', 'Kahani', 'Tasvir', 'Nargis', 'Saina', 'Nai Zindagi', 'Kumari', while not having such a big circulation were still read by quite a large number of readers Most of these magazines were issued from Bombay, but some came from even the Refugee Camps (e g , K R Jethani's *Minu* issued from the Pimpri Camp) Some Sindhi writers earned a name by their writings in these magazines—Kamal Piyasi, Tarachand Lekhwani, Master Jassumal Sachdev, Kishinchand Jetley, Hundraj Sikayal, Ramrakhiani Kamal, Dayal Asha, K S Balani, and Sunder Balani Some established writers like Tirith Vasant, Uttam and Ramdas Lakhani also wrote for these magazines Some of the best known novels and stories in the year were published under the aegis of these magazines Indeed, the contribution of Sindhi magazines in keeping alive intellectual activity and love for literature in the Sindhis cannot be gainsaid However, when all is said and done it must be admitted that there was not a single Sindhi literary magazine in 1957-58 published in India of the standing of the pre-partition 'Sindhu' of Rajpal or the post-partition

magnificent Pakistan literary journal of Joyo 'The Mihran.'

Although not strictly within the period of survey, mention must be made of the admirable edition of *Shah-jo-Rasalo*, edited by K B Advani and published by the Hindustan Kitab Ghar, Bombay, on 14th August 1958

L H Ajwani

TAMIL LITERATURE

There has been an all-round representation of the various aspects of writing in the Tamil publications of last year A welcome trend was the readiness of publishers to experiment with mass production of low-priced editions of some Tamil classics, like *Kamba Ramayana*, *Tirukkural*, *Silappadikaram* and popular books like Bharati's works, Rajaji's *Vyasar Virundu* and *Chakravarti Tirumahan*

Roughly four hundred odd publications have seen the light of day during the period covered in this brief survey This includes not only books of fiction but also treatises dealing with technical subjects, science, philosophy, art and religion Besides, new additions in plenty to novels and short stories, other features of the new output include fresh interpretations of ancient classics, lively comments on epic poetry, translations into Tamil from other languages of India as well as foreign languages, collections and anthologies of writings of the past and a regular supply by the Publicity Departments of Government, of books and pamphlets on topics like Community Projects, Five Year Plan, etc. It goes without saying that not all of these publications can rank as of first quality, nevertheless, some material satisfaction may be derived from such substantial fare for consumption

To lay one's finger on any one publication in the group of creative

writing as of outstanding promise or potentiality may be attended with some difficulty For most of the fiction writers, however, deftly employing language and disciplined in draftsmanship, hardly give evidence of any high originality or genuine inspiration in the choice of theme or method of treatment In fact, save for a few exceptions, a great many novels bear the impress of foreign influence That intimacy with life from which a true artist receives his stimulus is still conspicuous by its absence in most of our writers

The above remarks hold good only with respect to creative writing in fiction In the allied fields there have been real attempts at fruitful work For instance in drama, where there has not been the same quantity of output as in short story and novel, the few dramas written and enacted so far reveal a greater consciousness among both authors and actors of the potent medium in their hands, although much has still to be acquired if the drama as a vital part of literature has to gain its honoured place Among plays which deserve mention is *Veera Kattabomman* which dramatises an episode of a chieftain in the southern-most corner of the peninsula who tried to resist early British suzerainty over the land There have been social plays and modern interpretations of old themes as in the play entitled *Therotti-Mahan* (Charioteer's Son), a drama dealing with Karna's life

During the period under survey at least half a dozen publishers arranged public functions to release books of established reputation, like *Sangam Literature*, Nehru's *Glimpses of World History* in Tamil, Bharati's works at cheaper prices, Rajaji's two productions *Vyasar Virundu* and *Chakravarti Tirumahan*, Sundaram Pillai's *Manonmaniyam*, etc Reprinting of valuable works also like the late T K Chidambaranatha Mudaliar's *Muththollayiram* has also been a welcome sign of the times Another useful publication is *Valarum Tamizh* (Growing Tamil), which gives a cogent history of recent writing in Tamil to contribute to the growth of standardized publications The Southern Languages Book Trust has done good work, both by way of

collections of essays, stories and other anthologies as well as good translations into Tamil of books from foreign languages and from Tamil into English and other Indian languages, selected with an eye to creating greater cultural harmony among groups and individuals of the world.

Biography continues to be a comparatively neglected field, save for a few genuine attempts The too bulky life-story of the late V Swaminatha Ayyar, *En Charitram*, has been condensed to the size of a readable volume, so that in this new edition of about four hundred odd pages, you can now read the autobiography of a remarkable man The life story of the late S Vaiyapuri Pillai, *Perasiriyar Vaiyapuri Pillai*, by his daughter, is a rather feeble attempt at an authentic account of a life which was mostly devoted to the pursuit of scholarship and study of the Tamil language The reprint of *Pudumai Pithan*, a biographical sketch of a brilliant writer, who is no more, is a valuable addition to the field of biography.

Travel diaries are not much in vogue, except for a stray instance or two, like the *Karibean Kadalum Gianayum* (The Caribbean Sea and Guiana) from the pen of a much-travelled writer whose unvarnished accounts inspire confidence Science subjects are also getting popular and a book like *Alaya Mani* (Vibration of Sound) is evidence enough of the increasing popularity of the subject with the Tamil reading public Similarly, books of information on subjects pertaining to art, religion, philosophy and politics are more and more attracting writers' attention Though much remains to be achieved in these fields, the signs are not wanting that such publications have an assured vogue in the coming years.

Ilakkana Chintanaigal (Literary Thoughts) from the pen of the late Vaiyapuri Pillai and his much more important treatise, *Sorkalai Virundu* (Feast of Expression), dealing with the origin and growth of words in the Tamil language are noteworthy additions of the year *Nataka Virundu* (Feast of Drama) by

A. S. Gnanasambandam, *Greece Vazhanda Varalaru* (The History of Greece) by Swaminatha Sarma, *Sudandarappor* (Struggle for Freedom of 1857) by M S Subramania Aiyar, *Tamizh Pulavar Varisai* (Tamil Poets) by Saiva Siddhanta Kazhaham in two volumes, *Puttahamum Vittahamum* by M Arunachalam are books to be read with profit Poetry, too, has contributed its quota, though not quite in a substantial measure, to the growing literature Kavimani Desiga Vinayagam Pillai's *Kirtanaigal* (Songs) are enjoyable, both as verse and as musical compositions *Putta Tamizh Kavi Malargal* (Flowers Blossoming), a collection of poetic pieces by Triloka Sitaram of Tiruchirapalli and *Pattuppaduvom* (We Shall Sing) by Valliappa are not without their charm

Special mention might be made of the Gandhi Ninaivu Nidhi Committee's publication of two volumes of translations from Gandhiji's English writings The entire works of Gandhiji have, under this scheme, to be published in twelve volumes with attractive get-up and well printed The warm welcome accorded to the first two volumes is evidence of the public demand for Mahatmaji's writings in Tamil

It is also of some significance that during the period under review the State Government conferred distinction on selected savants and authors of merit like Pammal Sambanda Mudaliar, M Varadarajanar and R P Sethu Pillai It is the beginning, no doubt, of increasing State recognition of the value of scholars and writers in the nation's life

In the field of research there has not been anything of outstanding merit, though scholars here and there are delving into some of the ancient classics like *Kamba Ramayanam*, *Tirukkural*, etc., in order to bring out rare interpretations of the texts Maraimalai Adigal's *Tirukkural Araichi* (Research in *Tirukkural*), though written while he was alive, has been published during this year and, as writings from his pen are generally noted for their depth and perspicacity, this one also compels attention,

An increased interest in children's literature and large number of books published for children, illustrated, attractively got-up and low-priced, are another welcome feature of the period under review

K Chandrasekharan

TELUGU LITERATURE

Surveying the literary scene in Andhra during the year that has passed, it can hardly be denied that the hopes raised during the post-Independence period about a creative upsurge in Telugu literature, have not borne fruit No doubt, there has been a good deal of literary activity But there has also been in evidence a certain uncertainty and absence of proper direction

The custom of honouring men of letters has been a little too much in evidence during the past year and almost every conceivable literary occasion for dedication of a slender sheaf of poems or stories to a local worthy or for celebrating the jubilee of a literary work of merit have been pressed too far to shower extravagant praise on authors and their well-wishers This has, in a way, tended to confuse mere lovers of letters and to obscure the legitimate function of literary criticism

The programme of work undertaken by the newly formed Andhra Pradesh Sahitya Akademi during the period under review, is fairly ambitious The impressive list announced of works of fundamental nature like the compilation of a concordance for the earliest Telugu poets and a comprehensive survey of the Telugu language and its various dialects will, when completed, provide Telugu scholars with a number of very useful books of reference.

It needs only a brief look at the poetic scene to see that this aspect of our literature is more dedicated to its craft than either the novel

or the drama. The guardians of literary orthodoxy have been considerably active and have produced a good number of literary pieces, striking both in content and form. Kakaraparthi Krishna Sastri's *Kanchu Dhakka* describing the literary duel of the celebrated Andhra poet, Srinadha, deserves mention. Poetic renderings of the *Ramayana* of Tulsidas by Mailavarapu Suryanarayana Murthi and Kesavatirtha Swami are two important contributions. Viswanatha Satyanarayana, beloved of both the modern and the traditional schools, continues to publish parts of his magnum opus, *Ramayana Kalpa Vrikshamu*. This work is, in a sense, the most considerable, if controversial, creation in the field of contemporary Telugu literature. A translation of *Gatha Sapta Sati* by Gatti Lakshmi Narasimha Sastri, *Arundhati Vasishtham* by Bulusu Venkateswarulu, *Menaka* by E. China Venkata Reddy and *Rambha* by Sphurti Sri are others in this line.

By contrast, the contributions of the newcomers and the innovators of new norms are less conspicuous alike in bulk and quality. The publication of *Karpura Vasantharayalu* by C. Narayana Reddy was recently announced at Hyderabad. *Telangana* and *Aasa* by Kundurthi are two outstanding contributions. Kundurthi's poetry is distinguished by a beauty of musical phrase and a lucid and impassioned utterance and shows great promise. *Panavipani* by Nalini Kumar breaks new ground by drawing upon a new philosophy of life to enliven a number of common incidents in life. *Chukkallo Kukka* by Sasya Sri, a poem about Laika in the Soviet Sputnik, is arresting in its simplicity and force. *Kalamkalalu*, a tiny volume of verse by Gopala Chakravarti, is a bold and pleasant experiment in verse libre. The translation of Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali* into felicitous Telugu verse by B. V. Singaracharya deserves attention. The translation rendered in metres appropriate to the original Bengali is one of the most successful attempts made so far in this field.

Some notable work has been done in the field of fiction. The Oriya novels, *Cho Guntho Atho-mano* by Fakir Mohan Senapati

and *Matir Manish* by Kalindicharan Panigrahi (published by Sahitya Akademi) have been rendered into Telugu by Puripanda Appala Swamy, a noted Telugu writer The translations are well done and are a welcome addition to contemporary Telugu literature *Kanniti Panniru*, a translation from the English *Lust for Life*, by Janamanchi Ramakrishna, is also noteworthy Among the original contributions, *Kalatita Vyaktulu* by P Sri Devi is a rollicking narrative depicting a variety of social situations among college students of both sexes This and *Sapagrasthulu* by K Vasudeva Rao, *Runanubandham* and *Parajithulu* by Manju Sri, *Anveshana* by Pothukuchi Sambasiva Rao are other important contributions The common theme of most of these novels is the changing life of the educated middle class which shows signs of becoming stale Balivada Kantarao's *Dagapadina Tammudu* by contrast throws interesting light upon the life of submerged classes in Telugu society Kantarao, author of a number of full-length novels and short stories, has already made a mark as a forceful and popular writer Mullapudi Venkata Ramana's *Vikramarkudi Marku Simhasanam* is a remarkable narrative, full of quaint turns of phrase and hilarious situations He has in his work fully lived upto his reputation as the creator of 'Budugu,' the boy prodigy of his earlier story.

The Telugu short story continues to be popular with the reading public and supply of this art-form continues unabated as in previous years Although no striking technical innovations have been experimented in this field, quite a number of readable stories have been published *Keratalu* by R M Chidambaram, *Akasa Deepam* by Virinchi, *Varalakshmi* by Kavya Sri, *Tirugulent Nyayam* by Balivada Kantarao and *Vakragathulu* by Rajaram are illustrations of this genre

The field of drama, too, shows signs of activity A number of amateur groups have been organised all over Andhra, staging plays and conducting contests and festivals Theatre-going audience is also growing in both rural and urban areas. But the playwright has yet to gain in insight and depth and also

acquire a new sense of perspective commensurate with the spirit and speed of times and the fast developing technology of theatre.

The modern full-length play has yet to make good. The lack of a well equipped theatre where it is possible to have continuity of practice and the prevailing confusion in the minds of writers and actors regarding the relative values of the stage and the cinema, are partly responsible for arresting the growth of a genuine popular drama Like the short story it is only the one-act plays and the short radio play that seem to hold the field so far

Although no new ground has been broken and no marked invention of new dramatic technique is in evidence, some of the recent writers have continued to publish plays which are eminently stage-worthy *Pavithra Jeevulu* by Hita Sri, *Panjaram* by Avasarala Suryarao, *Gudi Gantalu* by Ch Bhavanarayana Rao are some of the plays which have been enacted at more than one place Among the one-act plays, *Smarpana* by Kavya Sri, *Rajadandam* by Nagabhushan call for at least a passing reference *Anthya Ghattam* by Singitham Srinivasa Rao and *Rendu Rellu* by Lasuna are two others which have been widely appreciated

The demand for children's literature which is daily growing is not being met even partially Beyond the sumptuous volume, *Narthana Bala*, produced by Nataraja Ramakrishna, and *Chiru Kappa* by Palanki Ramachandra Murthy, there is not much in this field If it is true that the literary work-shop conducted by Gidugu Sitapati in 1956 has succeeded in getting together a lot of material for a few books for children, interesting additions to children's literature in Telugu should soon see the light of the day

Literary criticism still retains the character of a malignant deity, as Swift once called it On the one hand, we have pompous literary judgments based on half-baked *rasa* theories, and on the other, opinions fed by narrow literary prejudices, mostly

expressed by the various self-appointed mentors of literature—the Reviewers In healthy contrast to this tendency a series of critical studies of the eight celebrated Telugu poets by competent scholars have been published by the Andhra Saraswat Parishat of Hyderabad A critical estimate by G V Krishna Rao of *Kalapoornodaya* was formally released at a public function at Tenali, presided over by Humayun Kabir Although young in years, Krishna Rao has already made a name for himself as a critic of high order *Andhra Vangmaya Charitra* by D Venkatavadhani is a succinct and convincing survey of Telugu literature Another laudable attempt in this field is the work of Veldanda Prabhakaramathya on *Amuktamalyada*

The need for a scientific approach to the methods of teaching Telugu language at various levels is slowly gaining ground in Andhra S Krishna Rao and B V. Seshayya are two pioneers in this difficult but specialised field Their extension lectures at the Osmania University have been recently published under the titles of *Methods of Teaching* and *Teaching Telugu as Second Language*

The dictionary of Telugu technical terms which is being compiled under the editorship of the Speaker of the Andhra Legislative Assembly will greatly facilitate the popularisation of scientific literature in Telugu Tirumala Ramachandra's book concerning the Telugu script and its history is a commendable study in linguistics The Andhra Sahitya Parishat of Kakinada which is engaged in compiling a comprehensive Telugu Lexicon for the last three decades, has recently brought out two more volumes, fifth and sixth in the series They were formally released at an impressive ceremony before a large gathering of scholars and writers, presided over by Radhakrishnan Speaking on the occasion, the great savant said 'True literature is that which defies death and lives on forever to guide humanity towards the goal of life It should express the spirit within and make us delighted and enlightened '

Telugu writers today are by no means ill-equipped to write on a variety of subjects in a variety of modes, though they may still seem to suffer from immaturity, from an aversion to rise above the mediocre outlook on life and letters around, and an improper evaluation of aesthetic standards in literature The larger promise held out by the anti-Romantic revolt during the later part of the 'thirties, was soon found to degenerate into a vulgarised practice of verse libre and crude imitation of existentialistic pattern For nearly two decades, writers were constantly staging both a revolt and a retreat with the result that there was no escape from a splendid failure to forge a really new attitude to literature, rooted in the prevailing social conditions While poetry became a 'de-controlled expression of feeling in words,' prose ceased to be a vital reflection of dynamics of mood and emotion The writers of today have yet to achieve what may be called courage of vision

However, this period is not altogether without achievement. Among the major writers, Abburi, Viswanatha, Krishna Sastri and Sri Sri still hold the field in modern Telugu literature And among the younger generation, Padmaraju, Rachakonda, Rajasekhar, Gorasastri, Tilak, Kundurthi and Ajanta are the rising hope of Andhra litterateurs. Ajanta, despite meagre output, is perhaps the most remarkable poet of the period

New experiments and explorations to extend both technical flexibility and range of subject are doubtless being made But the new urge must find a deeper expression and a larger purpose Let us hope that during the coming year they will, inspired by the ideal set before them by Radhakrishnan, be able to grasp and utilise this freedom to a greater creative advantage

A V Rajeswara Rao

URDU LITERATURE

The assessment of a year's literary output in Urdu may seem to smack of hurried judgement but even so such a review can claim an informative value, not only for the general reader but for the future historian and critic of literature as well. It is not possible to give a list of all the publications in this short review but the important ones will be mentioned according to their importance It should be said at the outset that the year—August 1957 to July 1958—is rich in scholarly research publications, criticism, biographies and literary essays, etc *Urdu Drama Aur Stage*, *Hindustani Akhbar Nawisi*, *Talamiza-i-Ghalib* and *Bihar men Urdu Zaban-o-Adab Ka Irtiqa* can be placed among the best works ever published in Urdu *Urdu Drama aur Stage* by S Masud Hasan Rizavi 'Adib' is the first book on the hitherto unknown part of the history of Urdu drama as it developed in Oudh of the mid-nineteenth century It is divided into two parts In the first part the author has tried to establish, with a rich variety of evidence, that the first Indian stage, after the collapse of the Sanskrit stage, came into being under the patronage of Wajid Ali Shah, who was a great lover of the arts The second part deals with *Inder Sabha* of Amanat, the first popular poetic drama written in 1852 The book is the result of about three decades of research

Hindustani Akhbar Nawisi by Mohammad Atique is an important addition to our knowledge of early Urdu journalism The author has spared no pains to trace the history of journalism in India, giving a detailed, documented and picturesque account of its growth during the East India Company's regime *Talamiza-i-Ghalib* by Malik Ram is yet another piece of research work, dealing with the lives and works of the disciples of Mirza Ghalib Some of its material has seen the light of the day for the first time. Akhtar Orainvi has published his D Litt thesis, *Bihar me Urdu Zaban-o-Adab Ka Irtiqa* (till 1857), approved by Patna University for doctorate This brings to light some very obscure parts of the history of Urdu literature.

Besides these, *Tanqiden* by Khurshed-ul-Islam, *Fikr-o-Adab* by Devendra Issar, *Tanqid-o-Tahlil* by S Shabihul Hasan, *Sher-o-Adab* by S Akhtar Ali Tilhari, *Urdu Marsia* by Azhar Ali Farooqi, *Urdu men Qasida Nigari* by Abu Mohammad 'Sahar' and *Harf-i-Ghazal* by Masihuzzaman are some of the important contributions to Urdu literary criticism

Literary biography is another form that can claim to have produced some important works this year, although all of them cannot be said to have been written in the formal biographical or autobiographical style Noteworthy among these are *Azad Ki Kahani—Khud Azad Ki Zabani*, *Naqabil-i-Faramosh*, *Ashufta Bayani Meri* and *Mir Ki Aap Biti* *Azad Ki Kahani*, claims to be the autobiography of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, dictated by him to Abd-ur-Razzaq Malihabadi, during his detention in the Ranchi jail in 1920-21 It covers the life story of the great savant only till 1909 It is in a way an explanatory note on the last few pages of Maulana Azad's earlier work, *Tazkirah*, in which he had written in some detail about his forefathers and had mentioned his own self only casually and symbolically *Naqabil-i-Faramosh* is a beautiful collection of personal memoirs of Sardar Diwan Singh 'Maftoon', jotted down from time to time The book is not in the form of a biography and reads like an enchanting story of a soul devoted to service It is written in a simple style which has all the vigour and power of the personality of the writer Rashid Ahmad Siddiqi has added yet another book, in the form of an autobiographical sketch, to his series of works that have placed him among the few original stylists in the Urdu language *Ashufta Bayani Meri* is a colourful and living picture of the world around the author, which has been skilfully transferred into words Nisar Ahmad Farooqi has rendered *Zikr-i-Mir*, the famous autobiography of Mir, from Persian into Urdu and has named it *Mir Ki Aap Biti* Other books having biographical importance are *Mian Dad Khan Sayyah* by Zahiruddin Madani, *Mir-i-Karwan* (Maulana Abul Kalam Azad) by Nazir-ul-Husaini, *Tazkira-i-Shoara-i-Jaipur* by Ehtiramuddin 'Shaghil,' *Tazkira-i-Nadir* by S Masud Hasan

Rizvi 'Adib', *Tazkira-i-Ibn-i-Toofan* and *Ayaristan* by Qazi Abdul Wadood, *Dakini Hindi aur Urdu* by Nasiruddin Hashmi, *Siddiq-i-Akbar* by Maulana Saeed Ahmad Akbarabadi, *Firdausi-i-Hind* by Safdar Aah and *Shikast-i-Zulmat* (translation of Van Wyck Brooks' *Hellen Keller*) by Makhmoor Jalandhari.

It is not possible to classify all the books into categories in this short note but while mentioning the serious and significant books, notice must be taken of *Hindustan Ke Ahd-i-Wusta ki ek ek Jhalak* by Sahahuddin Abd-ur-Rahman, *Inqilab-i-Roos* by M M Jauhar, *Atthara Sau Sattawan* by Pandit Sunderlal, *Char Maqale* by Fazl-ur-Rahman, *Nawa-i-Azadi* (edited), *Sehat-i-Zaban* by Jigar Barelavi and *Fan-i-Khitabat* by S Kalb-i-Mustafa Salah-uddin A Rahman has translated some very important writings of the renowned Indian historians, bringing to light the cultural achievements of the medieval Muslim kings and nobles of India Pandit Sunderlal's version of the first struggle of Indian independence, mainly based on his famous book, *Bharat men Angrezi Raj*, has been published in Urdu for the first time There are very few books in Urdu on the art of public-speaking and elocution, *Fan-i-Khitabat* is perhaps the best published in Urdu so far. The author deals with the subject not only in a scientific manner but also imparts a literary flavour to it *Malfoozat-i-Kung Fu Tzi*, Urdu translation of the Analects of Confucius by Zafar Husain Khan, published by Sahitya Akademi, is a real contribution to the philosophic literature in Urdu

The twelve months under review are not as rich in creative literature as one would wish it to be However, of the many fiction books published, the following deserve commendable mention *Qatre Se Gohar hone Tak* by Saleha Abid Husain, *Kante* by Razia S Zaheer, *Bawan Patte* by Krishna Chandra, *Masnooi Chand* by Mahboob Tazi, *Wada* by Mahendra Nath and *Sanamkhanon men* by Kaleem Urfi While the first two are gripping stories of middle class family life, posing real problems of joint living and its maladjustments, the last one is an adventure into the realm of technique It has to be mentioned again and

again that our novelists have yet to travel long, not only to conquer the difficult and high peaks of form and technique but have also to delve deep in life to find the real basis of conflicts and counter-conflicts in human situations *Do Ser Dhan*, *Mitti Ka Putla* and *Mitti Ki Muraten*, the three translations published by Sahitya Akademi deserve special mention as they introduce the Urdu reader to some of the best creative writings in Malayalam, Oriya and Hindi, respectively

It is gratifying that our writers are seriously taking to drama as a medium of expression of certain features of life Besides the one-act plays, translations and radio dramas, original full-length plays are also being written Mohammad Mujeeb, who gave us some good dramas, has recently published *Azmaish*, based on the 1857 events in Delhi It powerfully depicts the lingering national courage subdued and throttled on the one hand by the decadent and demoralized temper of the country itself and the British manoeuvring on the other *Azar Ka Khwab* by Qudsia Zaidi *Suqrat* and *Changez Khan* by Fazlur Rahman are also powerful in parts Qudsia Zaidi has also rendered Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and *Sakuntala* of Kalidasa beautifully into Urdu The last one has been published in Hindi and Urdu both

Several noteworthy poems and collections of poems have also come out recently *Shahr-i-Arzoo* by Baqar Mehdi, *Charagh-i-Fikr* by Manmohan 'Talkh', *Raqs-i-Hayat* by Parwez Shahidi, *Sang Pairahan* by Ameeq Hanafi, *Lalazar* by 'Payam' are some of the new collections deserving attention Jagannath 'Azad' has published a poem on Maulana Azad in the form of a booklet. S Masud Hasan Rizavi has compiled *Razmnama-i-Anis*, selecting various parts from the *marsias* of Mir Anis in a manner that it can be read as a complete narrative Hindustani Academy (U P) has published *Adhyatma Ramayana* by Guru Narain, a voluminous poetic composition based both on Valmiki and Tulsidas. Sahir Ludhianivi has collected his popular film-songs and published it as *Gata Jae Banjara* Khalil-ur-Rahman has

made a new selection, *Nawa-i-Zafar*, from Bahadur Shah Zafar's four *diwans* and published it with a critical introduction. Raza Ansari has selected some *ghazals* of 'Majzoob" and it has come out as *Majzoob aur unka Kalam*

Deccan was the first cradle of Urdu literature and for sometime past scholars have been busy in deciphering, editing and publishing the old classics that have been discovered in Indian or European libraries The Union Government and the Government of Andhra Pradesh have been giving financial help to publish such works in Urdu and Hindi both Other literary organizations are also playing their part in publishing such works. Recently *Qissa-i-Rizwan Shah-o-Rooh Afza* by Faez, *Talib-o-Mohni* by Walah Musvi, *Chandrabadan-o-Mahyar* by Muqimi and *Taswir-i-Janan* by Shafiq Aurangabadi have been published with copious notes, annotations and introductions by various scholars This project of publishing early Deccani works needs considerable financial help, as such books cannot be published by ordinary publishers

Reprints and new editions of important prose and poetic works are coming out in increasing numbers In some cases the works have been revised so drastically that they can be treated as quite new books Among such works are *Urdu Tanqid par ek Nazar* by Kaleemuddin Ahmad and *Nikat-i-Majnoon* by Majnoon Gorakhpuri (an enlarged edition of *Tanqid-i-Hashiye*) Others are *Dastan-i-Tarikh-i-Urdu* by Hamid Hasan Qadri, *Mutala-i-Ghalib* and *Anis Ki Marsia Nigari* by Jafar Ali Khan 'Asar,' *Rooh-i-Iqbal* by Yusuf Husain Khan, *Aasar-i-Abul Kalam* by Qazi Abdul Ghaffar, *Mahshar-i-Khyal* by Sajjad Ansari, *Hindustani Lisaniyat Ka Khaka* by S Ehtesham Husain, *Godan* and *Maidan-i-Amal* by Premchand Some of the classics have also been printed in new editions Of the important ones are *Kamni* by Sarshar, *Tarahdar Laundi* by Sajjad Husain, *Akhtari Begum* and *Umrao Jan Ada* by Mirza Ruswa The so-far-known first Urdu prose treatise *Meraj-ul Ashiqin* of Syed Gesu Daraz (d 1421) has been published in two editions with notes, etc, simultaneously *Fisana-i-Ibrat* by Rajab Ali Beg 'Suroor' that was out of print for

long, has been edited and published by S Masud Hasan Rizavi 'Adib'. Two new editions of *Diwan-i-Ghalib*, published by Shahrah, Delhi, and Kitab Nagar, Lucknow, and new edition of *Diwan-i-Momin* edited by Zia Ahmad have also come out while other editions of Ghalib are in press Complete works of Akhtar Sherani have been published in a single portable volume for the first time from Delhi

Beyond the boundaries of India hundreds of Urdu books have been printed in Pakistan and some of them are available here also, though with difficulty Some translations of Russian classics have also been printed in the Soviet Union and they are popular in India However, it is not possible to deal with these publications here

The survey will not be complete unless we take into account the various other factors that contribute to the growth or encouragement of Urdu literature, writers and publishers Anjuman-i-Taraqqi-i-Urdu (Hind), Sahitya Akademi, Darul Musannifin, Idara-i-Adabiyat-i-Urdu, Idara-i-Farogh-i-Urdu, Maktaba-i-Jamia and various other organizations have been steadily publishing standard books The magazines and journals like 'Maarif', 'Urdu Adab', 'Nawa-i-Adab', 'Nigar', 'Shahrah,' 'Ajkal', 'Tamir', 'Naya Daur', 'Farogh-i-Urdu', 'Saba', 'Sab Ras', 'Rahi', 'Hamari Zaban', 'Shaer' and 'Sohail' have been important agencies of popularizing Urdu language and literature A new addition to these, is the weekly *Al-Kalam* from Patna, which is devoting most of its space to publishing the writings of Maulana Azad or articles about him and his works

Although it has not been possible to add a few lines about the topics discussed in the magazines, the progress of the juvenile literature, the conferences and seminars, radio talks and dramas, it is clear that there is activity all round and as the democratic conditions stabilize, situation will improve further. The general overall picture of the progress of Urdu literature seems to be cheerful and hopeful.

S. Ehtesham Husain

Books in Gujarati

In November 1956 Sahitya Akademi had organised an Exhibition of Indian Literature where books in all the major languages of India covering a variety of subjects were exhibited Each language section formed a sort of visual bibliography of the reading material available in that language, excluding ephemeral literature The bibliography was by no means complete, since only such books as were available in the market or on loan from libraries could be exhibited But such as it was, the effort was widely commended and many scholars and lovers of books suggested that the lists of books exhibited subject-wise should be printed for the benefit of the general reader It is in response to this request that these lists are being published serially and language-wise, in alphabetical order, in this journal The lists of Assamese and Bengali books were published in the previous two issues respectively The present issue contains the list of Gujarati books

It is important to bear in mind that the lists include mainly such books as were actually exhibited, though some additions have been made But even then no claim is made as to their bibliographical value A full and proper bibliography of books published in Indian languages in the twentieth century is under preparation and is expected to be ready next year

Our thanks are due to Umashankar Joshi and Keshavram K Shastri for their valuable assistance in organising the Gujarati section of the Exhibition and to the authorities of Gujarat Vidya Sabha, Ahmedabad, and Forbes Gujarati Sabha, Bombay and other societies, publishers, book-sellers and individuals —*Ed*

GUJARATI

Gujarati belongs to the group of the neo-Indo-Aryan languages and is derived from what the old works on grammar referred to as the 'Gaurjara' Apabhramsha The characteristics of the language can be traced to the couplets quoted in the

concluding portion of the Prakrit Vyakarana by Acharya Hemachandra (1089—1173) The earliest work in old Gujarati is *Bharateshvara-Bahubali-Rasa* (1184) of Shalisuri.

The contribution of Jain religious order to the building up of the old Gujarati literature deserves special notice It cultivated the Rasa (the longer narrative poem) and the Phagu (the spring rhapsody) and produced some of the first prose works, Tarunaprabha's *Shashtishataka-Balavaodha* (1355) being an early specimen Manikyasundarasuri's *Prithvichandracharita* (1422) is a work of fiction in prose employing rhymes *Siri-Thulibhadra-Phagu* is by Jina Padmasuri (circa 1324) while *Vasant-Vilasa* seems to be the work of a non-Jain writer *Sandeshaka-Rasa* is a messenger poem by a Muslim, Abdul Raheman of the 15th century

Hamsauli (1361) is a narrative in verse by Asait Nayak whose name is associated with the Gujarati folk-drama, Bhavai, collected in the last century in a volume, *Bhavai-Samgraha*

Three outstanding historical poems are *Ranamallachhanda* (circa 1400) of Shridhara, *Kanhadade-Prabandha* (1456) of Padmanabha and *Vimala-Prabandha* (1512) of Lavanyasamaya

Narasimha Mehta, whose devotional songs are sung all over Gujarat even by illiterate people to this day, is honoured as the first great poet of Gujarati He is regarded as the author of the famous hymn 'Vaishnava jana to tene kahie', popularised by Gandhiji throughout India His work has been collected in a volume, *Narasimha Mehta-krita Kavya-Samgraha*

Mirabai, another saint poet, whose devotional lyrics are sung all over India to this day, wrote mainly in old Western Rajasthani and has enriched both Gujarati and Hindi literature

Other landmarks in Gujarati Literature are Bhalana's masterly rendering of *Kadambari* in verse (circa 1500), and *Akhe-Gita* (1649) of Akho, a philosopher-poet whose *Chhappa* reveal a great sense of irony The Akhyana reached its zenith in *Nalakhyana* (1586) of Premanand, the greatest narrative poet of the language His younger contemporary, Shamal, wrote romances in lucid verse, *Simhasana-Batrishi*, etc

The lyrical genius of Dayaram excelled in *Garabis*, which are sung by Gujarati women in autumnal moonlit nights while they go round a perforated earthen pot with a lamp within.

The modern Gujarati literature began with Dalpatram (1820—1898) and Narmadashankar (1833—1886) The most outstanding work in modern times is the epic novel *Sarasvati-chandra** of Govardhanram Tripathi (1855 — 1907) The first historical novel *Karanaghelo* of Nandshankar Mehta was published as early as 1866

R Drummond's *Illustrations of the Grammatical Parts of the Guzarattee, Mahratta and English Language* (Bombay) is the first book which presents Gujarati in a printed form *A Grammar of Goozrattee Language, with Exercises, Dialogues and Stories* (Bombay) by W Forbes was published in 1829

One of the first periodicals to be published in Gujarati was Buddhiprakasha, a monthly which celebrated its centenary in 1949. Narmadashankar compiled the first dictionary, *Narma-Kosha* (1873) *Jnan-Chakra*, the first encyclopaedia in Gujarati, was the work of a Parsi gentleman, Ratanji Pharamaji Shethna

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*An abridged version of this voluminous novel has been edited and selected by Sahitya Akademi for translation in other major Indian languages —*Ed.*

Gandhiji was responsible for regularising spellings in Gujarati language through the publication of *Jodani-Kosha* (1929) by Gujarat Vidyapeeth of which he was the Chancellor *Bhagavad-Gomandala* is an ambitious work of lexicography undertaken by the late Maharaja of Gondal, Saurashtra *Kahevat-Samgraha* is a collection of proverbs in Gujarati compiled by Asharam Dalichand Shah

The most outstanding books in the section on religious and philosophical literature are Narmadashankar's *Dharma-Vichara*, Manilal N Dwivedi's *Siddhanta-Sara*, Anandshankar Dhruva's *Apano Dharma*, Shrimad Rajachandra's works, Gandhiji's *Mangal Prabhat* and Masharuwala's *Jivana-Shodhana*

Gandhiji's *Hind Swaraj* and *Atmakatha*, which have been translated in several languages, deserve to be especially noted

In the section on historical books attention is drawn to *Rasa-Mala* of A K Forbes, a collection of historical legends, *Arvachina Gujarat-nun Rekha-Darshana* in three volumes by Hiralal T Parekh and *Amadavada-Patnagara*, *Khambhata-no Itihasa* and *Gujarat-na Samskritika Itihasa* by R B Jote, and *Gujaratno Madhyakalin Rajput Itihasa* by Durgashankar Shastri

There are a few publications in Gujarati on scientific subjects *Vijnana-ni Paribhasha* by P G Shah deserves especially to be noted

As far as Children's Literature is concerned, Gujarati is particularly enriched by the late Gijubhai and his colleagues at the Dakshina-Murti School, Bhavnagar

Special care was taken to represent all the branches of literature chronologically to show the development in each section The section on literature proper was bound to be selective because of the limited space available in the Exhibition. However, care was taken to represent as much variety of writing as possible

ANTHROPOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY

1 *Gujarati Atakono Itihas*, Vinodini Nilkanth
2. *Jivata Tahevaro*, Kaka Kalelkar
3 *Saurashtrana Mumna*, Bhagvanlal Mankad
4 *Stripurusha Maryada*, K G Mashruwala
5 *Varnavyavastha*, Gandhiji.

ART AND MUSIC

1 *Abhinayakala*, N B Divatia.
2 *Ajantana Kalamandapo*, R M Raval
3 *Gayan Vadan Pathmala*, Ganpatrao Gopalrao Barve
4 *Jain Chitra-Kalpadrum*, Sarabhai M Nawab
5 *Kalachintan*, Ravishankar Raval
6 *Manipuri Nartan*, Govardhan Panchal
7 *Nada-Chintamani*, Vallabhram J Oza
8 *Ragasthanpothi*, Kavasji Fardunji
9 *Shilpa-ratnakar*, N M Sompura
10 *Uttar Hindustani Sangitno Itihas*, Vibhukumar S Desai
11 *Vaidik Sangit ane Anya Lekho*, Vibhukumar S Desai

BIOGRAPHY

1 *Adadhe Raste*, K M Munshi.
2 *Ambalalbhai*, B K Thakore
3 *Apangni Pratibha* Tr Maganbhai P Desai
4 *Atmakatha*, Gandhiji
5 *Atmakatha*, Vol I-III, Indulal Yajnik
6 *Atmavrittanta*, Ed G H Bhatt
7 *Bandh Gatharian*, C C Mehta
8 *Bhagwanlal Indrajinun Charitra*, D K Shastri
9 *Chhod Gatharian*, C C Mehta
10 *Dayanand Saraswati*, Jhaverchand Meghani
11 *Ghadtar ane Chantar*, Nanabhai Bhatt
12 *Hun Pote*, Narayan Hemchandra
13 *Jawaharlal Nehru*, Vol I-II, Ambelal Joshi
14 *Jivan Sambharnan*, Sharda Mehta
15 *Jivancharitra* (M N Dvivedi), Ambalal Purani
16 *Jivannan Jharanan*, Ravjibhai Patel
17 *Jivannun Parodh*, Prabhudas Gandhi
18 *Jivanpanth*, Dhumketu
19 *Kalapi*, Navalram J Trivedi
20 *Kavishwar Dalpatram*, Nanalal D Kavi,
21 *Lilavati Jivan-Kala*, G. M Tripathi,

22. *Mahavirkatha*, Gopaldas J Patel.
23 *Manasaina Diva*, Jhaverchand Maghani.
24 *Mari Hakikat*, Narmadashankar Kavi
25 *Mari Jivankatha* (Jawaharlal Nehru), Tr Mahadev Desai
26. *Mari Jivankatha* (Rajendraprasad), Tr Prabhudas Gandhi
27 *Navalram Laxmiramni Jeevankatha*, G M Tripathi
28 *Ravishankar Maharaj*, Babalbhai Mehta
29 *Rekhachitro*, Lilavati Munshi
30 *Sadhucharit Trivedisaheb*, M P Desai and P G Deshpande
31 *Samsmarano*, G V Mavlankar
32 *Sardar Vallabhabhai Patel*, Vol I-II, Narhari Parikh
33 *Shivaji Charitra*, Vaman S Mukadam
34 *Shreyarthini Sadhana*, Narahari D Parikh.
35 *Shri Vallabhacharya Mahaprabhu*, K K Shastri
36 *Shriyut Govardhanram*, Kantilal C Pandya
37 *Sidhan Chadhan*, K M Munshi
38 *Smaran Mukur*, N B Divatia
39 *Smaran Yatra*, Kaka Kalelkar
40 *Svapnasiddhini Shodhman*, K M Munshi
41 *Thakkar Bapa*, Kantilal Shah
42. *Uttar-Narmad-Charitra*, Narmadashankar Kavi
43 *Vyaktichitro*, Lina Mangaldas

Criticism, Prosody and History of Literature

1 *Adivachano*, Vol I-II, K M Munshi
2 *Akho-Ek Adhyayan*, Umashankar Joshi
3 *Alochana*, R V Pathak
4 *Apnu Vivechan Sahitya*, Hira Mehta
5 *Arvachin Chintanatamak Gadya*, V R Trivedi
6 *Arvachin Kavita*, Sundaram
7 *Arvachin Kavya-Sahityanan Vaheno*, R V Pathak
8 *Brihat Pingal*, R V Pathak
9 *Dayaramno Akshardeh*, G M Tripathi
10 *Digdarshan*, A B Dhruva
11 *Gandhakshat*, A M Raval
12 *Govardhan Shatabdi Granth*, Ed U C Pandya
13 *Gujarati Kavitani Rachanakala*, A F Khabardar
14 *Gujarati Patrakaritvano Itihas*, Ratan Marshal
15 *Gujarati Sahitya--Enu Manan Ane Vivechan*, Ramchandra Shukla
16 *Gujarati Sahitya-Madhyakalin*, A M Raval
17 *Gujarati Sahityana Margasuchak Stambho*, Vol I-II K M Jhaveri
18 *Gujarati Sahityani Ruprekha*, Vijayrai Vaidya
19 *Gujarati Sahityanun Rekhadarshan*, K K Shastri.

20. *Jain Gurjar Kavio*, Vol I-II, Mohanlal D Desai.
21. *Jayanti Vyakhyano*, Ed Navlram J Trivedi
22 *Jivan Bharati*, Kaka Kalelkar
23 *Jui ane Ketki*, Vijayaray Vaidya.
24 *Kavi Premanandni Sandigdha Krutio*, P N Vakil
25. *Kavita Ane Sahitya* Vol I-IV, Ramanbhai M. Nilkanth.
26 *Kavita Shikshan*, B K. Thakore
27 *Kavyani Shakti*, R V Pathak.
28 *Kavyatattvavichar*, A. B Dhruva
29 *Kavyavivechan*, D R Mankad
30 *Ketlank Vivechano*, Navalram J Trivedi
31 *Lekhsamgrah of K M Jhaveri*, Ed M R Majumdar
32 *Loksahitynun Samalochan*, Jhaverchand Meghani
33 *Lyric*, B K Thakore
34 *Madhyakalin Gujarati Sahityanan Svarupo*, M R Majumdar
35 *Madhyakalno Sahitya Pravah*, Sahitya Sansad
36 *Manilal Nabhubhai Sahitya Sadhana*, Dhrubhai Thakar
37 *Manomukur*, Vol I-IV, N B Divatia
38 *Navan Vivechano*, Navalram J Trivedi
39 *Navin Kavita Vishe Vyakhyano*, B K Thakore
40 *Nikash-Rekha*, V M Bhatt
41 *Padyarachanani Aitihasik Alochana*, H K Dhruva
42 *Panchotterme*, B K Thakore
43 *Parishadpramukhonan Bhashano*
44 *Parishilan*, V R Trivedi
45 *Paryeshana*, Manusukhlal Jhaveri
46 *Premanand-Ank*, Ed M R Majumdar
47 *Ran-Pingal*, Vol I-III, R U Dave
48 *Sahitya Ane Chintan*, Ramanlal V Desai
49 *Sahitya Ane Jivannan Thodank Arthadarshano*, R M Trivedi
50 *Sahitya Ane Vivechan* Vol I-II, K H Dhruva
51 *Sahitya Vichar*, A B Dhruva
52 *Sahitya Vihar*, A M. Raval
53 *Sahitya Vimarsha*, R V Pathak
54 *Sahityalok*, R V Pathak
55 *Sahitya-manthan*, Kavi Nanalal D
56 *Sahitya-Samiksha*, V M Bhatt
57 *Sakshar Jeevan*, G M Tripathi
58 *Samasamvedan*, Umashankar Joshi
59. *Sathina Sahityanun Digdarshan*, D P Derasari
60 *Shatabdi Vyakhyanmala*
61 *Thoda Vivechan Lekho*, M M Jhaveri
62. *Vivechana*, V. R Trivedi,

63. *Vividh Vyakhyano*, Vol I-III, B K. Thakore
64. *Vrittavivechan*, R.R. Gautam

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1 *Agagadi*, Chandravadan C Mehta
2. *Allabeli*, Gunvantrai Acharya
3 *Batubhainan Natako*, Batubhai Umarvadia
4 *Be Nari*, Bharati Sarabhai
5 *Be Natako*, Manishankar R Bhatt
6 *Brahmacharyashram*, K M Munshi
7 *Chha Natako*, Firoze Antia
8 *Dhara Gurjari*, Chandravadan C Mehta
9 *Dhruva Swaminidevi*, K M Munshi
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11 *Ghar Lakhoti*, Bharati Sarabhai
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13 *Jaya Jayant*, Kavi Nanalal D
14 *Jwalant Agni*, Gulabdas Broker
15 *Kakani Shashi*, K M Munshi
16 *Kanta*, Manibhai N Dwivedi
17 *Kumardevi*, Lilavati Munshi
18 *Lalitadukhdarshak Natak*, Ranchhodbhai Udayram
19 *Lopamudra*, K M Munshi
20 *Mithyabhiman*, Dalpatram Kavi
21 *Mornan Indan*, Krishnalal Shridharani
22 *Nrisimhavatar*, Manibhai N Dwivedi
23 *Pauranik Natako*, K M Munshi
24 *Piyarno Padoshi*, Pushkar Chandarvakar
25 *Pravesh Bijo*, Jayanti Dalal
26 *Raino Parvat*, Ramanbhai M Nilkanth
27 *Ranchhodlal Ane Bijan Natako*, Yashodhar Mehta
28 *Rangda*, Chunilal Madia
29 *Rano Pratap*, Ganpatram R Bhatt
30 *Samajik Natako*, K M Munshi
31 *Sapna Bhara*, Umashankar Joshi
32 *Shaheed*, Umashankar Joshi
33 *Shahenshah Akbarshah*, Kavi Nanalal D
34 *Shankit Hridya*, Ramanlal V Desai
35 *Sharatna Ghoda*, Yashwant Pandya.
36 *Sita*, Chandravadan C Mehta
37. *Sumangala*, Shivkumar Joshi
38 *Thandi Krurta ane Bijan Natako*, Dhumketu
39. *Trijo Pravesh*, Jayanti Dalal.

40 *Ushkerayelo Atma*, Ramanlal V Desai
41 *Utsavika*, Durgesh Shukla
42 *Vadlo*, Krishnalal Shridharani.
43 *Virmati*, Navalram Pandya
44. *Yashwant Pandyanan Bal Natako*, Yashwant Pandya

ECONOMICS

1 *Arthashastra*, Ambalal S Desai
2 *Bharatiya Arthashastra*, Chimanlal Doctor
3 *Bhuvelni Tapas*, Shri & Smt Vimal Shah
4 *Hindnun Prajakiya Arthashastra*, Viththaldas Kothari
5 *Khadi Nibandha*, Varadachari & Punatambekar
6 *Manav Arthashastra*, Narhari D Parikh
7. *Matar Talukani Arthik Tapas*, J C Kumarappa

EDUCATION

1 *Adhyapankala*, Jugatram Dave
2 *Jivan Vikas*, Kaka Kalelkar
3 *Kelavani Vivek*, K G Mashruwala
4 *Kelavanina Paya*, K G Mashruwala
5 *Kelavanini Pagdandi*, Nanabhai Bhatt
6 *Kelavanino Koydo*, M K Gandhi
7 *Khari Kelavani*, M K Gandhi
8 *Sikshanno Itihas*, Manishankar R Bhatt

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1 *Akashnan Pushpo*, G L Mehta
2 *Amasna Tara*, Kisansinh Chavda
3 *Ami*, J B Durkal
4 *Avarnavar*, Kaka Kalelkar
5 *Goshthi*, Umashankar Joshi
6 *Jivanno Anand*, Kaka Kalelkar
7 *Ketkinan Pushpo*, N J Trivedi
8 *Manilalni Vichardhara*, Ed Dhirubhai Thakar
9 *Manovihar*, R V Pathak
10 *Najuk Savari*, V K Vaidya
11 *Narmagadya*, Kavi Narmadashankar
12 *Navalgranthavali-Taran*, Ed N D Parikh
13 *Nibandhmala*, Ed V M Bhatt
14 *Otarati Divalo*, Kaka Kalelkar
15 *Pangoshthi*, Dhumketu
16 *Pathiknan Pushpo*, Vol I-III, Ambalal Purani,

17 *Rakhadvano Anand*, Kaka Kalelkar
18 *Rangtarang*, J H Dave
19 *Rasadvar*, Vinodini Nilkanth
20 *Samitpani*, Ambalal Purani
21 *Svairvihar*, Vol I-II, R V Pathak

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2 *Adhuro Kol*, Dhiruben Patel
3 *Adhurun Jivan*, Bachubhai Shukla
4 *Ajwali Kedi*, Jitubhai Mehta
5 *Ame Badhan*, Dhanshukhlal Mehta and J H Dave.
6 *Arabian Nights*, Tr I S Desai
7 *Balajogan*, Ramanlal V Desai
8 *Bandhani*, Pushkar Chandarvakar
9 *Bavdana Bale*, Pushkar Chandarvakar
10 *Bhadram-Bhadra*, R M Nilkanth
11 *Bhagna-Paduka*, K M Munshi
12 *Bhagvan Parshuram*, K M Munshi
13 *Bhoj ane Kalidas*, L M Pandya
14 *Bindi*, Labhuben Mehta
15 *Chauladevi*, 'Dhumketu'
16 *Chudelno Vanso*, Narayan V Thakkur
17 *Dariyalal*, Gunvantari Acharya.
18. *Dipnirvan*, 'Darshak'
19 *Dvirephni Vato*-Vols I-III, R V Pathak
20 *Gata Asopalav*, Jhinabhai R Desai
21 *Ghughavtan Pur*, Chunilal Madia
22 *Gramlakshmi*, Vol I-IV, Ramanlal V Desai
23 *Gujaratno Jaya*, Vol I-II, Jhaverchand Meghani
24 *Gujaratno Nath*, K M Munshi
25 *Janamtip*, Ishvar Petlikar
26 *Jaya Somnath*, K M Munshi
27 *Jhakal*, R V Desai
28 *Jher To Pidhan Chhe Jani Jani*, 'Darshak'
29 *Jivanmanthi Jadeli*, Lilavati Munshi.
30 *Kadavanan Kanku*, Bakulesh.
31 *Kadlivan*, Vinodini Nilkanth
32 *Karan Ghelo*, Nandshankar T Mehta
33. *Karnavati*, 'Dhumketu'.
34 *Khandit Kalevaro*, N Varma & Jaymal Parmar
35. *Khetarne Khole*, Vol I-II, Pitambar Patel
36. *Lata ane Biji Vato*, Gulabdas Broker.

37 *Lohını Sagai*, Ishwar Petlıkar
38 *Maha-amatya Chanakya*, 'Dhumketu'
39 *Maharshi Metaraj*, Jayabhıkhkhu.
40 *Malela Jıv*, Pannalal Patel
41 *Manvi Khandıyero*, Tr Kaka Kalelkar & K G Mashruwala
42 *Manvıni Bhavaı*, Pannalal Patel
43. *M A Bana Ke Kyon Meri Mıtti Kharab Ki*, Amrıt Keshav Nayak.
44 *Ma Te Ma*, Vol I & II, 'Shayada'
45 *Meghanıni Navalikao*, Vol I-II, Jhaverchand Meghani
46 *Nandanvan*, Sarang Barot.
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52 *Piyasi*, Sundaram
53 *Prıthvivallabh*, K M Munshı
54 *Rajadhiraj*, K M Munshı
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56 *Rajhatya*, Chunılal V Shah
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60 *Sanjıvanı*, 'Sopan'
61 *Sarasvatichandra*, Vol I-IV, Govardhanram M Trıpathi
62 *Sharvari*, Kıshansınh Chavda
63 *Shravani Melo*, Umashankar Joshı
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66. *Sushama*, Ashok Harsha.
67 *Svapnadrashta*, K M Munshı
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71 *Tulsikyaro*, Jhaverchand Meghanı
72. *Uttara*, Jayantı Dalal
73. *Vanraj Chavdo*, Mahıpatram Nılkanth
74 *Vatonun Van*, Batubhai Umarvadıa
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11 *Eklo Jane Re*, Manuben Gandhi
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23 *Satyagrahani Mimamsa*, Maganbhai P Desai
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16 *Gujaratnun Patnagar-Ahmedabad*, Ratnamanirao B Jote
17 *Hadappa ane Mohenjodaro*, H G Shastri
18 *Hindni Angrej Veparshahi*, Maganbhai P Desai
19 *Itihasni Kedi*, Bhogilal Sandesara.
20 *Khedani Ladat*, Shankarlal D Parikh
21 *Madhyakalin Gujaratni Samajik Sthiti*, Ramlal Modi
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24. *Mirate-Ahmedi*, Tr K M Jhaveri
25 *Mirate Sikandari*, Tr K M Jhaveri
26 *Muzaffarsahi* (Text in Farsi and Gujarati Translation), Abuzafar Nadvi
27 *Puran Vivechan*, D K Shastri
28. *Purva Rang*, Kaka Kalelkar & N D Parikh
29 *Rasmala* (A K Forbes), Tr R U Dave
30 *Samaj Sudharanun Rekhadarshan*, N J Trivedi
31 *Saurashtradeshno Itihas*, Bhagavanlal Sampatram

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1 *Apbhramsha Vyakaran*, Hemchandra, Tr K K Shastri
2 *Bhartiya Bhasha Samiksha Gujarati Bhasa*, George Grierson, Tr K K Shastri
3 *Brihad Vyakaran*, K P Trivedi
4 *Dhatusamgraha*, J V S Taylor & V K Shastri
5 *Gujarati Bhasha ane Sahitya*, N B. Divatia, Tr R P Bakshi
6 *Gujarati Bhashaman Varnavyavastha*, T N Dave
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10 *Gujarati Svarvyanjan Prakriya*, R L. Turner, Tr K K Shastri
11 *Gujarati Vyakaran*, J V S Taylor
12. *Juni Gujarati Bhasha*, Chaturbhai P. Patel.

म्हारे जनम मरण के
साथी, थाने नहि बिसरूं
दिनराती।

तुम देख्यां बिन
कल न पड़त है
जानत मेरी छाती,

ऊंची चढ़ चढ़
पंथ निहारूं
रोय रोय अंखियां राती।

मीरा के प्रभु
परम मनोहर
हरिचरणां चित राती।

पल पल तेरा
रूप निहारूं
निरख निरख
सुख पाती ॥

જૂનું થયું
રે દેવળ
જૂનું થયું
મારો હંસલો
નાનો ને
દેવળ જૂનું
થયું ॥ધ્રુ.॥
આ રે કાયા
રે હંસા,
ડોલવાને
લાગી રે
પડી ગયા
દાંત,
માયલું રેખું
તો રહ્યું
॥મારો.॥
તારે ને મારે
હંસા, પ્રીત્યું
બંધાણી રે
ઉડી ગયો
હંસ, પીંજર
પડી રે રહ્યું
॥મારો.॥
બાઈ મીરાં
કહે છે પ્રભુ,
ગિરિધરના
ગુણ
પ્રેમનો પ્યાલો
તમને પાઉં
ને પીઉં
॥મારો.॥

Mira Bai

from a fresco by Nandalal Bose
in Kirti Mandir Baroda

Narasimha Mehta

Govardhanaram Tripathi

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14 *Svarbhar*, Gokulbhai Patel
15 *Utsargmala*, Vrajlal K Shastri
16 *Vag-Vyapar*, Harivallabh Bhayani
17 *Zund-Bhashanun Laghu Vyakaran*, Sheheriarji D Bharucha

MATHEMATICS & SCIENCE

1 *Bhustar-Vidya*, Balvantram M Mehta.
2 *Chandra*, Chhotubhai Suthar
3 *Dhumketu*, Chhotubhai Suthar
4 *Ghargatthu Vaidak*, Bapalal G Vaidya
5 *Gujaratni Vanaspatio*, Bapalal G Vaidya
6 *Hindustannan Pranio*, Vol I, B N Mehta.
7 *Jantushastra Praveshika*, B A Pathak
8 *Jivan ane Utkranti*, Bhimbhai L Desai
9 *Jivanshastra Pravesh*, Govind R Kshirsagar
10 *Jivshastra*, Dwarkadas M Parikh
11 *Jivshastra*, Madhavji B Machchhar
12 *Jivvidya*, C B Purani
13 *Kachchhni Vanaspatio*, Jaykrishna Indraji
14 *Khetinan Multattva*, Martand S. Pandya
15 *Kriyatmak Rasayan Shastra*, T K Gajjar.
16 *Madhumakshika ane Bhramar*, Induvadan N. Mehta
17 *Manav-Indriyavijnan*, M B Machchar
18 *Manavjivanaman Vijnan*, N M Shah.
19 *Manushyavidyanan Tattvo*, Madhukumar S. Desai.
20 *Nrikulvidya*, Madhukumar S Desai
21 *Padarth Vijnan*, Mahipatram R Nilkanth
22 *Padarthvijnan-Bhautik Vidyanan Multattvo*, Gangashankar M Vaishnav
23 *Rasayanshastra*, Gangashankar M Vaishnav
24 *Sadharan Padarthonun Rasayan*, Nilkanthbhai Dahyabhai
25 *Sanskrit Sahityaman Vanaspatio*, Bapalal G Vaidya
26 *Sap*, Shivashankar Shukla
27 *Shodh ane Siddhi*, Shethna & Shah
28 *Udbhid Padarth*, Govind Narayan
29 *Ushmanan Multattvo*, C B Purani
30 *Vanaspati Srishti*, Gokuldas K Bhambhadai.
31 *Vanaspati Varnan*, Jaykrishna Indraji
32 *Vanaspati Varnan Pravesh*, Bapalal G Vaidya
33 *Vijali*, Maneklal N Majumdar
34 *Vijnan-darshan*, Bansilal Gandhi & others.
35 *Vijnan-Mandir*, Kantilal C Pandya
36 *Yantra-Shastranan Multattva*, T. K. Gajjar.

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4 *Apano Dharma*, A B Dhruva
5 *Dharma ane Samaj*—Vol I-II, Ramanbhai M Nilkanth
6 *Dharma Manthan*, Gandhiji
7 *Dharmavarnan*, A B Dhruva
8 *Dharmavichar*, Narmadashankar Kavi
9 *Dharmodaya*, Kaka Kalelkar
10 *Gandhijinun Gitashikshan*, Ed Narhari Parikh
11 *Gita Bodh*, Gandhiji
12 *Gitamanthan*, K G Mashruwala
13 *Hindna Tattvajnanano Ithas*, Vol I-II, N D Mehta
14 *Hindu Dharmani Balpothi*, A B Dhruva
15 *Hindu Vedadharma*, A B Dhruva
16 *Ishvarno Inkar*, Narsimhbhai Patel
17 *Jain Darshan*, Bechardas Doshi
18 *Jivan Pradip*, Kaka Kalelkar
19 *Jivan-Shodhan*, K G Mashruwala
20 *Mangal Prabhat*, Gandhiji
21 *Mot Par Manan*, F C Davar
22 *Patanjal-Yogadarshan*, Tr J J Kania
23 *Rajayog*, Manibhai N Dvivedi
24 *Samsar ane Dharma*, K G Mashruvala
25 *Shikshapatri of Swami Narayan*, Tr Kavi Nandalal D
26 *Shri-Bhashya*, Vol I-II, Tr A B Dhruva
27 *Shrimad Rajachandra*, Rajachandra
28 *Siddhantsar*, M N Dvivedi
29 *Tattvarthasutra*, Sukhlal Sanghavi
30 *Upanishad-Vicharna*, N D Mehta
31 *Vachanamrita*, Swami Narayan, Ed Mashruwala and Modi-
32 *Vivek ane Sadhana*, Kedarnath
33 *Vyapak Dharmabhavna*, Gandhiji
34 *Yog Etle Shun?*, Maganbhai P Desai

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2 *Akha-Krit Kavyo*, Vol I, Ed N D Mehta.
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4 *Alap*, Pinakin Thakor
5. *Albel*, Karsandas Manek
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7 *Anubhuti*, Mansukhlal Jhaveri
8 *Apani Kavita-Samriddhi*, Ed B K Thakore.
9 *Archana*, Prabodh & Parasharya
10 *Arghya*, Jhinabhai Desai 'Snehrashmi'
11 *Bari Bahar*, Prahlad Parekh
12 *Balgito*, Tribhuvan G Vyas
13 *Bhankar*, B K Thakore
14 *Brihat Kavyadohan*, Vol I-VIII, I S Desai
15 *Chhandolay*, Niranjan Bhagat
16 *Dalpat Kavya*, Vol I-II, Dalpatram Dahyabhai Kavi
17 *Dashamaskandh of Premanand*, Ed Kavi Narmadashankar
18 *Dayaram Krit Kavyasamgrah*, Ed Kavi Narmadashankar
19 *Dhvani*, Rajendra Shah
20 *Dipti*, Venibhai Purohit
21 *Gangotri*, Umashankar Joshi
22 *Gorsi*, Indulal Gandhi
23 *Ilakvyo*, C C Mehta
24 *Indradhanu*, Sunderji G Betai
25 *Kadambari of Bhalan*, Vol 1-II, Ed. K H Dhruva
26 *Kag Vani*, Kavi Kag
27 *Kalapino Kekarav*, Kalapi
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29 *Kalapino Virah*, Tribhuvan Premshankar
30 *Kavya Madhurya*, Ed H G Anjaria
31 *Kavya Parichaya*, Ed R V Pathak & N N Parekh
32 *Kavya Samuchchaya*, Ed R V Pathak
33 *Kavyamangala*, Sundaram
34 *Ketlank Kavyo*, Vo I-III, Kavi Nanlal Dalpatram
35 *Kodiyan*, Krishnalal Shridharani
36 *Kusummala*, N B Divatia
37 *Lalitno Lalkar*, Janmashankar Buch 'Lalit'
38 *Marmar*, Jayant Pathak
39 *Mharan Sonnet*, B K. Thakore
40 *Nana Nana Ras*, Vol I-III, Kavi Nanalal Dalpatram
41 *Narmakavita*, Kavi Narmadashankar.
42 *Nupur Jhankar*, N. B. Divatia.
43 *Padma*, Prajaram Raval
44 *Pallavi*, Indulal Gandhi
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48 *Phooldol*, Mansukhlal Jhaveri.
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52 *Prachin Kavyasudha*, Vol I-V, Ed C V Raval
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54 *Prasun*, Ushanas
55 *Pratik*, Priyakant Maniar
56 *Pratiksha*, Ramnik Aralwala
57 *Pratipada*, Govind Swami
58 *Pritamni Vani*, Ed Bhikshu Akhanadanand
59 *Purvalap*, 'Kant (M R Bhatt)
60 *Ramsagar*, Sudhanshu
61 *Rubayat ane Bijan Kavyo*, Hargovind Premshank
62 *Rupnan Ami*, Hasit Buch
63 *Safarnun Sakhya*, H Bhatt & M Thakur
64 *Samdeshika*, Ardeshar Khabardar
65 *Sheshnan Kavyo*, R V Pathak
66 *Smaran-Samhita*, N B Divatia
67 *Smriti*, Rasiklal C Parikh
68 *Snehmudra*, G M Tripathi
69 *Sohini*, Ratilal Chhaya
70 *Srotasvini*, Damodar K Botadkar
71 *Urvasi ane Yatri*, Durgesh Shukla
72 *Uttarayan*, Deshalji Parmar
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13 *Safar Gatharian*, C C Mehta
14 *Uttarapatha*, Swami Pranavtirtha

Our Contributors

MASTER ZINDA KAUL. Veteran Kashmiri poet. His book of poems, *Sumran*, was awarded the Akademi Award in 1957

HUMAYUN KABIR Minister of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, Government of India Distinguished educationist, poet and critic Author of *Men and Rivers* (novel), *Mahatma Gandhi and other Poems*, etc

PANTELEY ZAREV Professor in the State University of Sofia Distinguished scholar and critic

RALPH RUSSELL Lecturer in Urdu in London School of Oriental and African Studies Well-known for his translations from Urdu into English

PREMA NANDAKUMAR Author of *Bharati in English Verse*

R P SETHU PILLAI (Dr) Head of the Department of Tamil, Madras University, Madras Distinguished critic Was awarded the Akademi Award for his *Tamil Inbam* in 1955

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI (Dr) Distinguished journalist and Gujarati poet and playwright Author of various works in English *The Mahatma and the World, My India, My America*, etc

TARASANKAR BANERJI Distinguished Bengali novelist and short story writer Leader of the delegation of Indian Writers to Asian-African Writers' Conference, Tashkent Was awarded Akademi Award for his novel, *Arogya Niketan*, in 1956

KALINDICHARAN PANIGRAHI Distinguished Oriya novelist, poet and short story writer His novel, *Matir Manish*, has been sponsored by Sahitya Akademi for translation in various Indian languages

A A A. FYZEE: Vice-Chancellor of the University of Jammu and Kashmir. Distinguished scholar and critic

JAJNESWARA SARMA: Professor of English in Jorhat (Assam)

NARESH GUHA Lecturer in Comparative Literature, Jadavpur University, Calcutta Poet and Critic

CHUNILAL K MADIA Distinguished Gujarati playwright, short story writer and novelist

BALAKRISHNA RAO Distinguished Hindi poet and critic

PRABHU SHANKAR Lecturer in English in Mysore University Kannada poet and critic

J L KAUL Ex-Principal, Amar Singh College, Srinagar Author of *Interpretations of Ghalib*

S GUPTAN NAIR Well-known Malayalam playwright and critic

V R WANMALI Principal, Shivaji College, Amaravti, and well-known as a Marathi writer

SARBESWAR DAS Lecturer in English in Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, and well-known as a writer in Oriya

SANT SINGH SEKHON Lecturer in English in Ludhiana and a distinguished playwright, novelist and critic Translated Shakespeare's *Macbeth* in Punjabi for the Akademi

V RAGHAVAN (Dr) Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Madras He has, so far, published 25 books and over 250 Research papers Among his publications, the following deserve special mention *Bhoja's Sringara Prakasa*, *The Indian Heritage*, *Mahabharata*, etc.

L H. AJWANI· Principal of the National College, Bandra, Bombay, and a well-known writer and critic in Sindhi

K CHANDRASEKHARAN· Well-known writer both in Tamil and English Author of *History of Sanskrit Literature.*

A V RAJESWARA RAO Telugu poet, playwright and journalist He has recently edited an anthology of modern Indian poetry

S EHTESHAM HUSAIN Well-known critic in Urdu and Professor of Urdu in Lucknow University

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